



FEATURE

COMICS

JUNE

HEY, LALA—LOOKIT HOW
EASY I MADE THAT JUMP!



No. 33 10¢



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

FELLOWS, HERE'S YOUR BIKE!



There was a boy in our town
And he was wondrous wise,
He bought himself a Schwinn-Built bike
And showed the other guys!



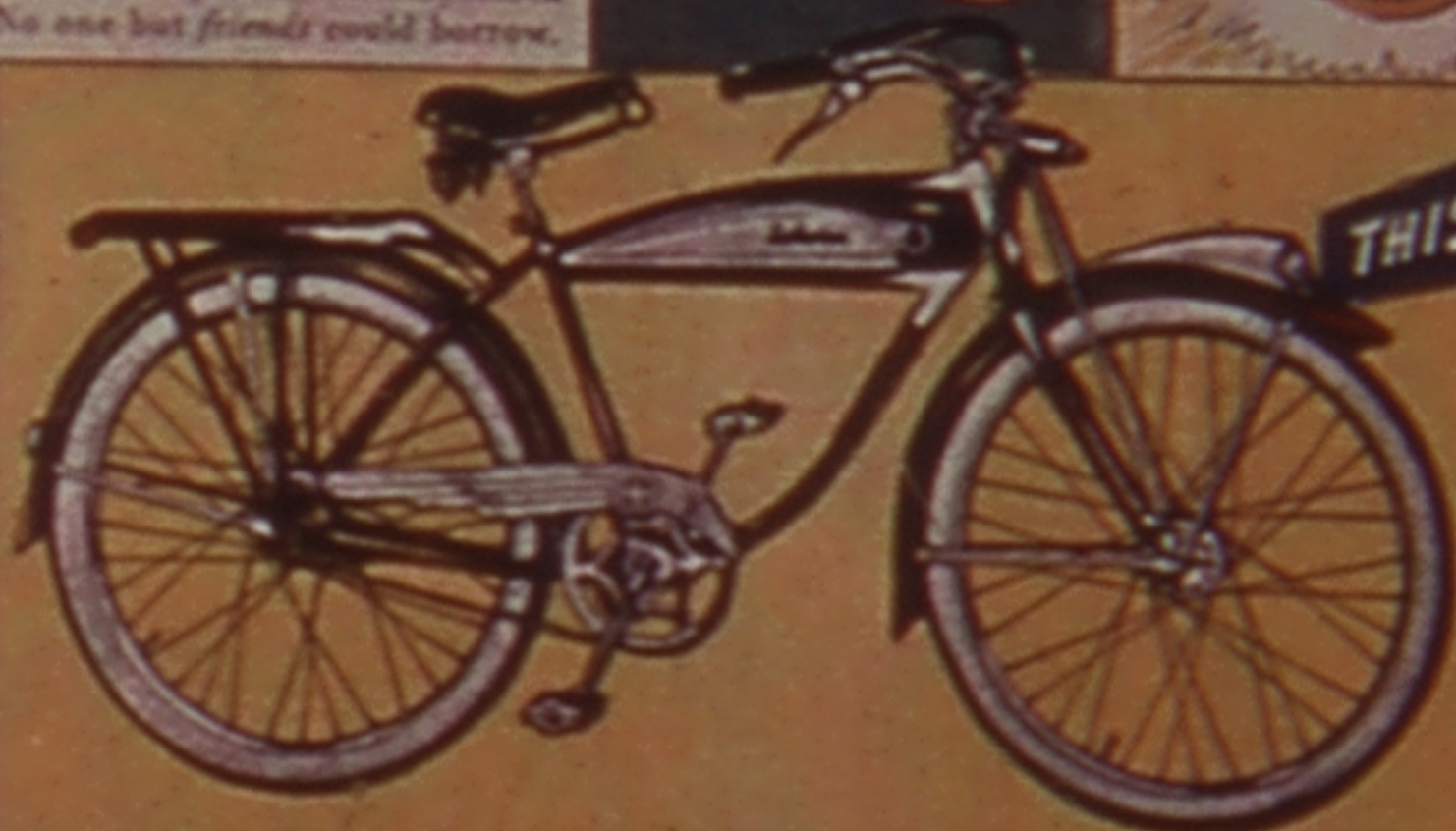
With Schwinn's exclusive Fore-Wheel Brake
And Rear Expander, too,
It was the very safest bike
That his gang ever knew.



In spite of all its beauty,
He never knew theft's sorrow,
Protected by Schwinn's Cyclelock
No one but friends could borrow.



And so, because a Schwinn-Built bike
Will never let you down,
Just take your choice and you will be
The leader in your town.



THIS IS IT!

Boy! What a bike! Just think
what the gang will say when you
spring this one on them!

And here's how! Get the
Schwinn-Built Bicycle Buyers'
Guide and show it to Dad! Pic-
tures galore, in natural color! 24
pages of reasons why you should
have a Schwinn-Built bike! Mail
coupon for free copy of this valu-
able booklet TODAY!

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO., CHICAGO

MAIL THIS COUPON
FOR
ILLUSTRATED **FREE** Booklet

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO.,
170 N. LaSalle, Chicago, Ill.

Please send my copy of the 1940 Illustrated **FREE** booklet
about Schwinn-Built Lifetime Guaranteed Bicycles.

Name

Address

City

DOLLMAN

THE SMALLEST HUMAN ON EARTH

DARREL DANE, A YOUNG SCIENTIST, WHO IS IN REALITY, THE DOLLMAN, IS AT WORK IN HIS LABORATORY. WHEN



YOU'RE A FINE FIANCE! DO YOU REMEMBER THAT WE'VE A DATE TO VISIT THE POOR FAMILIES IN THE SLUMS?



SORRY, I FORGOT YOU SEE, I'VE JUST DEVELOPED A NEW FLUID WHICH WILL RENDER A MAN SO SOFT



I CAN SEE RIGHT NOW YOU'LL MAKE A VERY ABSENT MINDED HUSBAND!



HMM! OH YES, DEAR, THIS FORMULA WILL PRODUCE A STATE OF RIGOR MORTIS IN A LIVING MAN, MAKING HIS HEART-BEAT IMPERCEPTIBLE!



AN HOUR LATER...



WHOS THERE?



MOLLY, I WANT YOU TO MEET MY FIANCE, DARREL DANE!

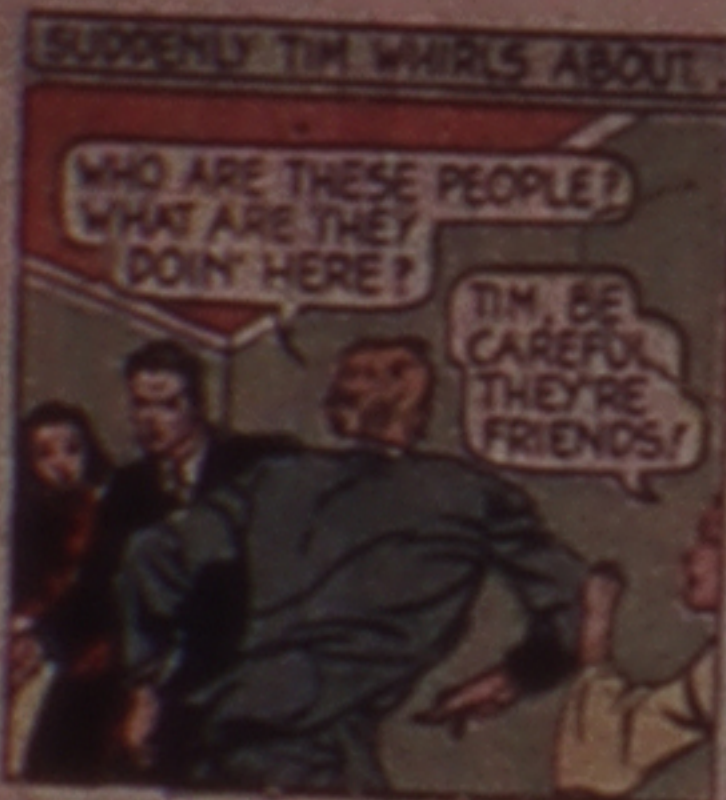


OH, MARTHA, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU FOR THESE GIFTS!



SUDDENLY THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN





OVER THE GLOOMY
PENITENTIARY WALLS,
DEATH'S GRIM CHUCKLE
ECHOES THROUGH THE
DISMAL CELLS AS THE
DAY OF TIM'S EXECUTION
ARRIVES.



DISCONSOLATE TIM NOW
AWAITS THE FATAL HOUR

THEY'RE GONNA
HANG ME FOR A
CRIME I DIDN'T DO,
BUT I CAN'T PROVE
MY INNOCENCE!



IF I COULD GET GRANET TO—
HEY! WHAT'S THAT A LIVING
DOLL? I MUST BE
GOING NUTS!



THE DOLLMAN LEAPS BEFORE
THE STARTLED TIM.

DON'T BE ALARMED,
TIM! I'VE COME
TO HELP
YOU!

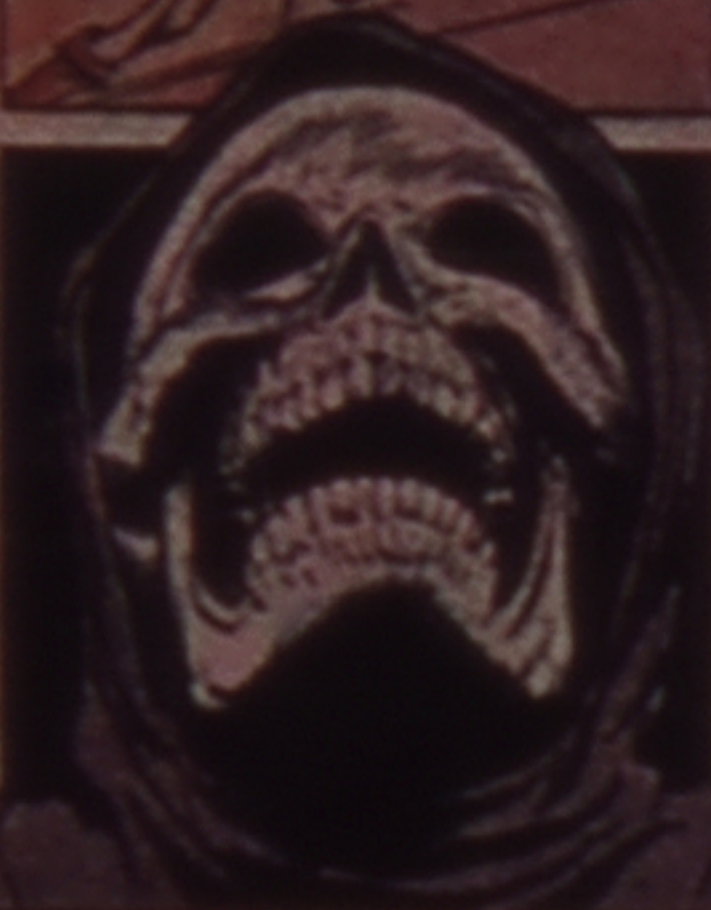


IF YOU DO AS I SAY YOU
MAY COME OUT OF
THIS ALIVE!



HUH?

DON'T SEE HOW A LITTLE GUY
LIKE YOU CAN HELP, BUT I'LL
DO WHAT YOU
SAY!



THE LAUGH OF DEATH SWELLS UP
INTO A GHOULISH ROAR AS
APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS SOUND
OUTSIDE.



HIDE
ME IN
YOUR
SHIRT!

THE HEAVY STEEL DOOR
IS SWUNG OPEN.



THEY SOLEMNLY MOUNT
THE GALLOW'S STEPS.



TIM'S LEGS ARE BOUND AND HIS HEART BEATS OUT THE SECONDS AS HE WONDER'S WHAT THE DOLLMAN WILL DO.



THE BLACK HOOD OF DEATH IS LOWERED—BUT UNDERNEATH ITS DARK FOLDS



QUICK, TIM! SWALLOW THIS PILL!



AS THE HAND IS RAISED, NO ONE SEES A LITTLE FIGURE LEAP FROM THE SCAFFOLD AND RACE AWAY.



HOPE ROBERTS GETS HERE IN TIME!



THE TRAP IS SPRUNG. TIM DROPS BELOW THE PLATFORM.



HMM—STRANGE—RIPPER MORTIS HAS SET IN ALREADY! HE'S ONLY BEEN DEAD A FEW SECONDS.



A MOMENT LATER, A TRUCK DRIVES OVER TO THE PRISON.



I'M PROFESSOR ROBERTS! I'VE COME FOR SHEAN'S BODY!

GOT A CLAIM?



CERTAINLY! I'M CLAIMING HIM FOR MOLLY SHEAN, HIS SISTER!

OK.



QUICKLY, TIM'S STILL FORM IS LOADED IN THE PROFESSOR'S TRUCK.



INSIDE NOW WE'LL FIND OUT IF MY FORMULA WORKED!



HE PRIES OPEN THE HEAVY LID.



HE QUICKLY EXAMINES TIM...

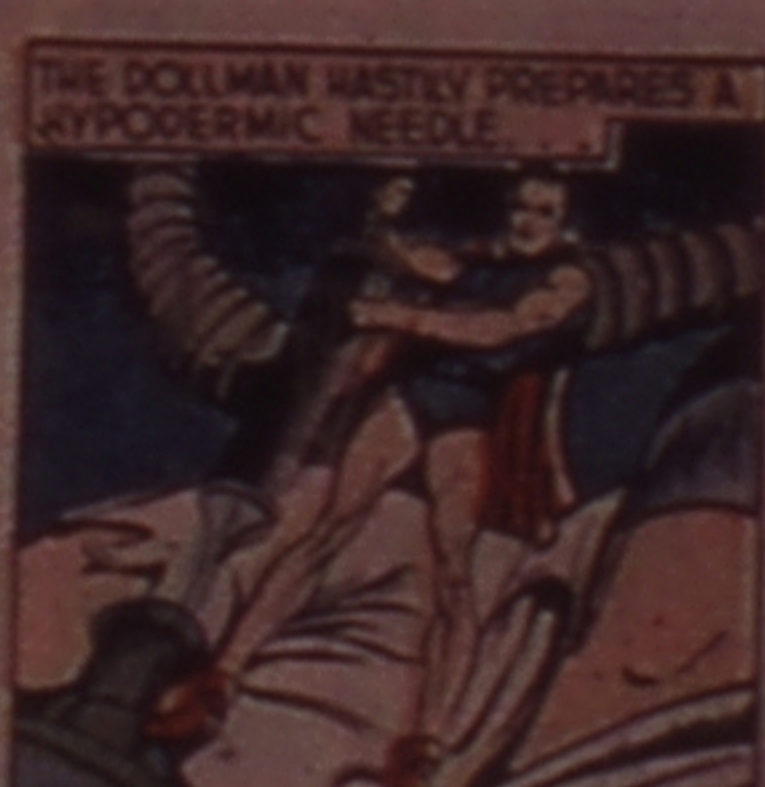
GOOD! HIS NECK ISN'T
BROKEN! NOW TO FEED
HIM OXYGEN!



HE'S READY FOR
THE VITALIZING
FLUID.



THE DOLLMAN HASTILY PREPARES A
HYPODERMIC NEEDLE...



THIS INJECTION SHOULD
TAKE HOLD WITHIN TWELVE
HOURS - IT'S GOT TO
WORK!



I'LL KNOW BY
TONIGHT...



AGILELY, THE DOLLMAN
LEAPS TO THE REAR
WINDOW OF THE CAB!



ALL RIGHT, PROFESSOR, TAKE
GOOD CARE OF OUR YOUNG
CORPSE, KEEP HIM WARM!



I'M GOING TO
ROUND UP
GAT GRANET'S
GANG NOW!

ALL RIGHT,
I'LL DRIVE ON TO
THE LAB!... GOOD
LUCK!



WITH A MIGHTY BOUND,
THE DOLLMAN LEAVES THE
SPEEDING TRUCK...



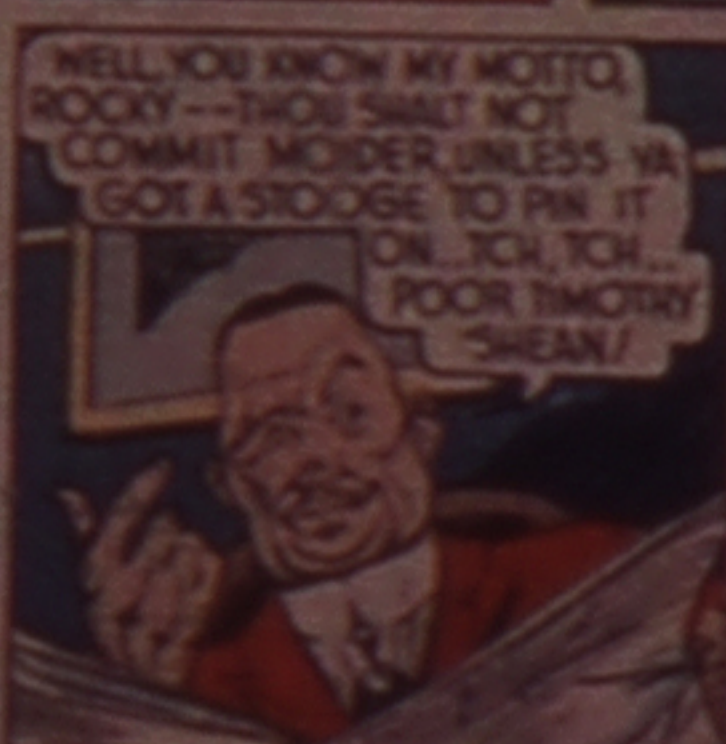
SORRY, FELLA, CAN'T
STOP TO PLAY!



MEANWHILE, THE NOTORIOUS "GAT"
GRANET CHUCKLES AT THE HEADLINE
OF HIS NEWSPAPER.



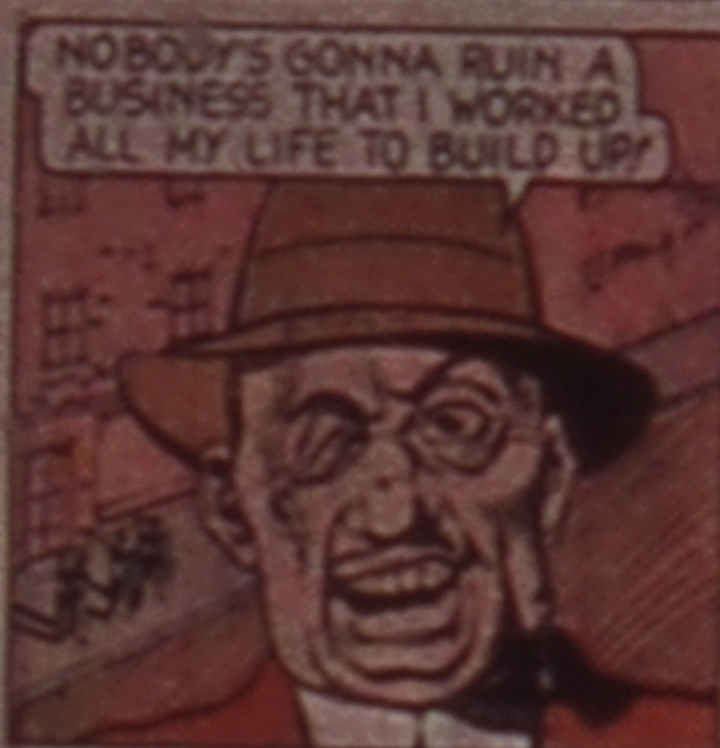
WELL, YOU KNOW MY MOTTO,
ROCKY -- THOU SHALT NOT
COMMIT MOLDER, UNLESS YA
GOT A STOGE TO PIN IT
ON... TCH, TCH...
POOR TIMOTHY
SHEAN!

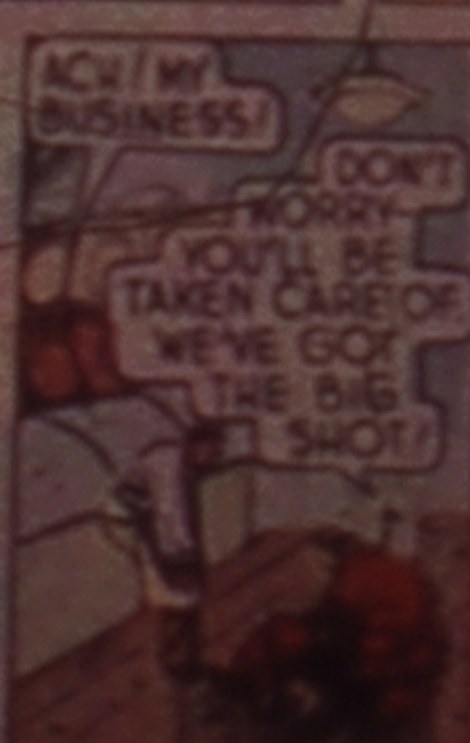


SUDDENLY...

THEY BOSS, SOMETHIN'
AWFUL'S HAP-
PENED! THE RACKETS
ARE BACKFIRING!







AT MIDNIGHT, THE DOLLMAN AND KRUGER DRAG THEIR STRUGGLING PRISONER TO AN OLD WATERFRONT BUILDING. . . .



CURTAIN'S GOING UP ON THE BIG SCENE!



THEY ENTER A MUSTY LOFT WHERE A RAGGED ASSEMBLY OF WRETCHED VAGABONDS GREET THEM. . . .



GAT GRANET!

HE FRAMED TIM SHEAN / HE DID IT!

HE'LL PAY / WE'LL MAKE THE KILLER PAY!

MOIDERER!

WE'LL AVENGE THE DEAD!



ORDER / ORDER IN THE COURT / I HAVE BROUGHT YOU TOGETHER TO TRY THIS MAN FOR MURDER!



YOU RECOGNIZE THESE MEN AND WOMEN / THEY ARE ALL VICTIMS OF YOUR LAWLESSNESS / YOU ARE ON TRIAL BEFORE THEM FOR YOUR LIFE!



NO / LET ME OUT OF HERE / YOU TRAMPS CAN'T HOLD ME HERE!



UNNOTICED BY THE MOBSTER, A HOODED FIGURE STANDS SILENTLY IN THE SHADOWS.



MAKE HIM CONFESS THAT HE FRAMED TIM SHEAN!

GAT GRANET, YOU ARE CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF JOSEPH MARTIN FOR WHO TIM SHEAN WAS FRAMED!



MAKE HIM TALK THE DIRTY RAT!



CONFESS!

CONFESS!

CONFESS!





RANCE KEANE

By Will
ARTHUR

RANCE AND PEE HEE
HAVE SOLD THEIR
HORSES TO GET
THAT AGENT TO GO
TO NEW YORK
WHERE THEY PLAN
TO DELIVER A SUM
OF MONEY TO LOU
PORTLAND. THAT
MAY BE HIS LAST
TRIP. HIS FATHER, RON
KEANE, IS A
PURPORTING
BROOKING HIS OWN
THE MEANS TO
REMAIN IN COLLEGE.



SPRING RAILS
SPEED THE BOYS
EVER EASTWARD—
DENVER—CHICAGO—
AND FINALLY—
GRAND CENTRAL
STATION IN THE
GREATEST CITY
IN THE WORLD—

NEW
YORK
CITY!

HOW ABOUT THAT
RANCER? THAT CRITTER
WITH THE RED HAT MUSTA
THOUGHT HE COULDN'T
CARRY OUR OWN
GRIPSACKS!

HE'S A
RED-CAP!
THAT'S HIS
JOB: HELPING
PEOPLE WITH
LUGGAGE!



WHAT A
HOOSER
PLACE!



IT HAS TO BE LARGER!
THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE
USE GRAND CENTRAL
STATION EVERY DAY!

LOOKIT, RANCE!
EVERYBODY'S ALL
DRESSED UP
LIKE 'DUDES'!



IT'S NOT SO FUNNY,
PEE HEE! EVERYBODY
IS LOOKING AT US!
WERE THE ONES THAT
ARE DRESSED STRANGELY!



AS RANCE AND
PEE HEE MAKE
THEIR WAY
TOWARD THE
STREET—

WHY DON'T SOMEBODY
TELL ME THE RODEO
HAS IN TOWN!

HI-HO,
SILVER!



RANCE! THIS
IS GETTIN' KINDA
EMBARRASSIN'!

FORGET IT, PEE HEE! WE'LL
GET NEW DUDS AT THE
NEAREST DEPARTMENT
STORE! LET'S GO!



MEANWHILE A FEW
BLOCKS FROM
GRAND CENTRAL
STATION-A LITTLE
EPISODE HAS
BEEN TAKING
PLACE IN THE
LADIES COAT
DEPARTMENT OF
ONE OF THE
LARGE NEW
NEW YORK DEPARTMENT
STORES-

IT'S VERY BECOMING
TO YOU, MADAM!

I LIKE IT
RATHER WELL!
I THINK I SHALL
TAKE IT!

BE MY GASH,
MISS-AND I MAY
AS WELL TAKE IT
WITH ME-I HAVE
MY CAR-

A THOUSAND
DOLLAR BILL!
OH-JUST A
MOMENT PLEASE
MADAM!

MR. ARCHER, MY
CUSTOMER WANTS TO
PAY FOR A COAT
WITH THIS THOUSAND
DOLLAR BILL-WHAT
SHALL I DO?

A THOUSAND DOLLAR
BILL! I'VE NEVER SEEN
ONE BEFORE! I'LL
HAVE TO SEND IT
DOWN TO THE BANK
TO FIND OUT IF IT'S
ALL RIGHT!

TWENTY MINUTES
LATER THE
MESSENGER
RETURNING FROM
THE BANK-----

THE BANK SAYS THAT
THIS BILL IS PERFECTLY
ALL RIGHT, MISS DALE.
YOU MAY HAVE THE
COAT WRAPPED!

BUT WHEN
THE MESSENGER
RETURNS, SHE
FINDS THAT
HER CUSTOMER
HAS BECOME
VERY INDIGNANT
AT THE DELAY--

THIS IS AN OUTRAGE,
YOUR LADY! JUST
WHAT IS THE IDEA OF
KEEPING ME WAITING
IN THIS MANNER?

BUT
MADAM--

YOU NEEDN'T TRY TO
EXPLAIN, I THINK I
UNDERSTAND ONLY
TOO WELL! YOU
THOUGHT THE BILL
I GAVE YOU WAS
COUNTERFEIT!

OH NO,
MADAM! I MERELY--

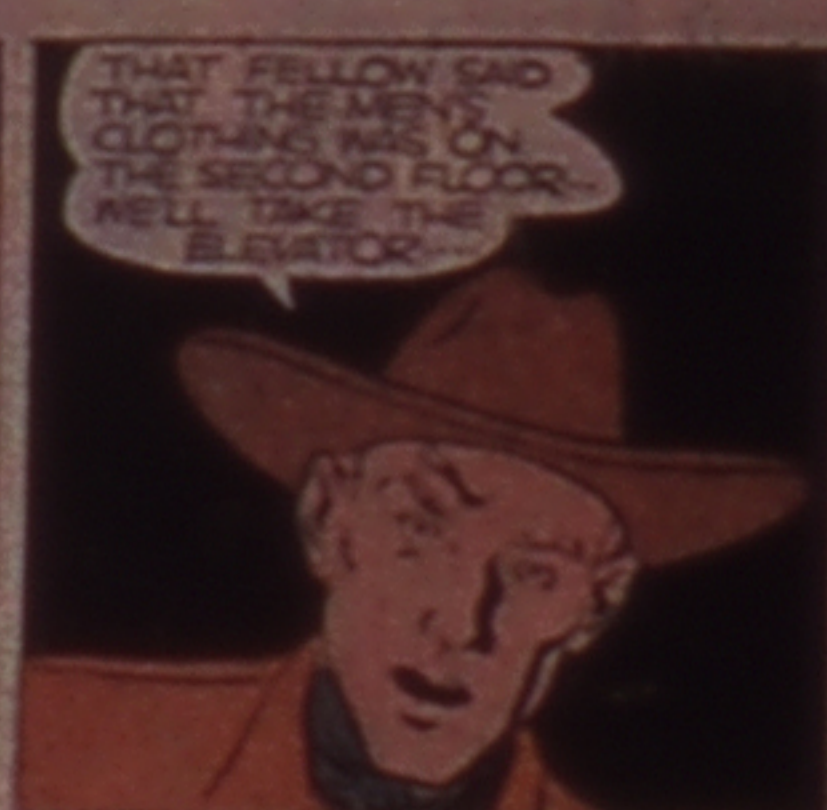
QUICK! YOU IMPERTINENT
LITTLE FOOL! GIVE ME
BACK MY MONEY!
YOU DON'T BUY THE COAT
NOW IF IT WERE THE LAST
ONE IN NEW YORK! I'VE
NEVER BEEN SO INSULTED
IN ALL MY LIFE! TO BE
TAKEN FOR A COMMON
THIEF!

BUT SCARCELY
HAD SHE AN HOUR
AFTER THE
COAT CUSTOMER
HAD LEFT SHE
RETURNS AND--

I WANT TO TELL YOU
FOR SCOOBY! AM THAT
LOST MY TEMPER
AND I REALLY DO
WANT THE COAT--

IT WAS ALL
OUR FAULT!
I'LL HAVE THE
GARMENT
WRAPPED
RIGHT AWAY!

THE WOMAN GETS THE COAT AND STARTS TOWARD THE ELEVATOR. AT THIS SAME MOMENT, THE STRANGE HAND OF FATE HAS BROUGHT RANCE AND PEE WEE TO THE DOOR OF THE VERY SAME DEPARTMENT STORE!



THE WOMAN WITH THE FUR COAT IS THE FIRST PERSON TO GET OFF THE ELEVATOR THAT RANCE AND PEE WEE ARE WAITING FOR.....



THE MAN PICKS UP THE BOX WITH THE COAT AND STARTS TO RUN TOWARD THE DOOR.....



RANCE OVERCOMES THE MAN AND HOLDS HIM UNTIL THE POLICE ARRIVE



BUT BY THIS TIME THE STORE MANAGER ARRIVES ON THE SCENE—

OFFICER, THIS MAN IS "HARRY THE HAWK" HE HAS CHEATED VARIOUS NEW YORK DEPARTMENT STORES OUT OF MORE THAN THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN THE LAST YEAR—



HE JUST FOUND OUT THAT THE MONEY WITH WHICH HE BOUGHT THE COAT IN THAT BOX IS COUNTERFEIT!



WE PAID FOR IT WITH A GENUINE BILL, AND AFTER HE HAD HAD IT VERIFIED, HE SWITCHED IT WITH A DIFFERENT BILL WHICH WAS COUNTERFEIT!

ALL RIGHT, "HARRY THE HAWK" COME ALONG WITH US, YOU'VE GOT A DATE WITH AN IRON CASE!



AFTER THE PRISONER IS TAKEN AWAY, THE MANAGER TURNS TO RINCE AND PEE-KEE—

THAT WAS CERTAINLY FINE WORK YOU DID, GENTLEMEN! THAT MAN HAS CAUSED US AN ENDLESS AMOUNT OF GRIEF RECENTLY!



TELL ME, HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO SUSPECT HIM?

WELL, WE WUZ COMIN' IN THE STORE TO BUY US SOME NEW DUDS, AND—



DID YOU WERE PLANNING TO EMBELLISH YOUR WARDROBES—?

HUH? OH NO—JUST LIKE I SAID, WE ONLY WANTED TO BUY SOME NEW CLOTHES!

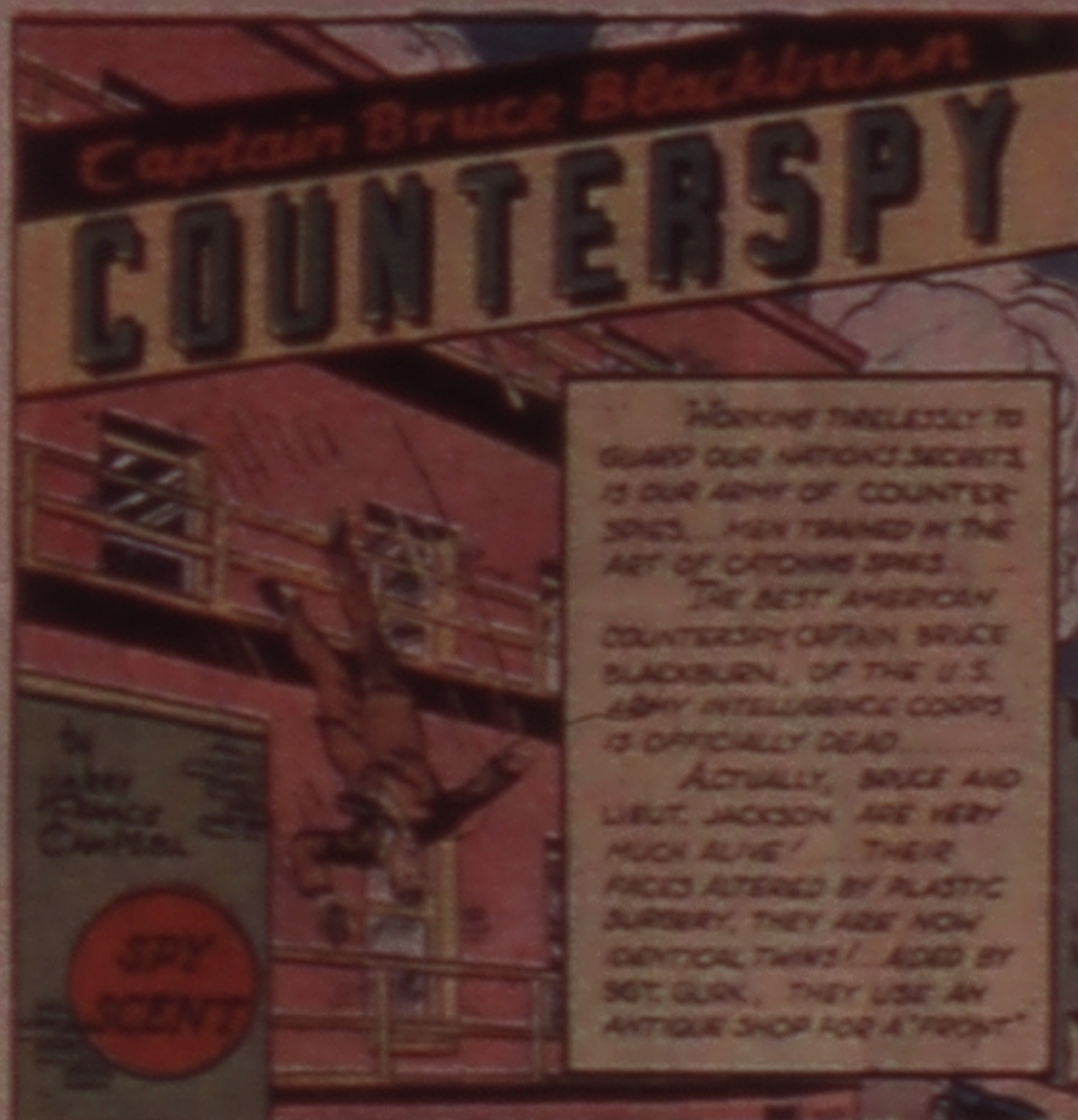


WELL, GENTLEMEN, I WOULD BE UNGRATEFUL, NO? IF I DON'T REWARD YOU, I SHALL INSTRUCT OUR MENS DEPARTMENT TO GIVE YOU ANYTHING YOU WANT—FREE OF CHARGE!



TWO HOURS LATER, RINCE AND PEE-KEE EMERGE FROM THE STORE—





WORKING DRELETSKY TO
GUARD OUR NATIONAL SECRETS,
IS OUR ARMY OF COUNTER-
SPIES... MEN TRAINED IN THE
ART OF CATCHING SPES.

THE BEST AMERICAN
COUNTERSPY CAPTAIN BRUCE
BLACKBURN, OF THE U.S.
ARMY INTELLIGENCE CORPS,
IS OFFICIALLY DEAD.

ACTUALLY, BRUCE AND
LIEUT. JACKSON ARE VERY
MUCH ALIVE!... THEIR
FACES ALTERED BY PLASTIC
SURGERY, THEY ARE NOW
IDENTICAL TWINS!... AIDED BY
SGT. GURK, THEY USE AN
ANTIQUE SHOP FOR A "FRONT"

I'LL LET BRUCE BLACKBURN
DECIPHER THESE CODE MESSAGES
WE TOOK FROM THAT SPY!



COLONEL JORDAN, THE CHIEF
OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

THERE HE GOES... INTO THAT
ANTIQUE SHOP, WITH
NIKITA'S PAPERS!



COL. JORDAN IS TRAILED!

ARE YOU BLACKBURN?... OR
JACKSON?... HANGED IF I CAN
TELL YOU AHEAD!



I'M JACKSON,
COL. JORDAN!

HAVE BLACKBURN START DE-
CIPHERING THESE AT ONCE!
FROM THE FIGHT THAT SPY
PUT UP, THEY MUST
BE IMPORTANT!



BRUCE
IS OVER IN
THE HOUSE!
I'LL RING

WONDER WHAT JACKSON
WANTS NOW!



IN THE SECRET TUNNEL
CONNECTING BRUCE'S HOUSE
WITH THE ANTIQUE SHOP

TANYA! THE COLONEL LEFT THE
PAPERS!... QUICK!... YOU KNOW
WHAT TO DO!



MEANWHILE OUTSIDE THE SHOP

GOOD MORNING, M'IEU!... DO
YOU AVE THE PAISLEY
SHAWLS?



GAS SWIRLS UP FROM THE SPY'S
OPEN POCKET-BOOK, AND LIEUT.
JACKSON SLURS FORWARD



COME! KAREL! JOSEF!
QUEECK!



AH! HERE ARE THE PAPERS
EEN THREE BLUE
ENVELOPE!



SENT TO THE CAR WEETH
HEEM... BEFORE HE
RECOVERS!



HOLD HERE! PRISONER, AT
RENOVOUS 'X'!



AT THE TOP OF THE STEPS
LEADING OUT OF THE TUNNEL,
BRUCE WALKS THRU A FALSE
CLOSET AND INTO THE SHOP!



WHAT'S UP, JACKSON?
WHY... HE'S GONE!



WHAT?... YOU LEFT THOSE
CODE MESSAGES HERE? THEY'RE
GONE... AND SO IS
JACKSON!



AFTER FRANTIC PHONING,
BRUCE GETS THE COLONEL!

SOMEONE TOOK JACKSON OUT OF
HERE BY FORCE! [SNIFF...
SNIFF]... A WOMAN'S BEEN HERE
RECENTLY! THAT PERFUME!



IT'S THAT RARE PERSIAN SCENT
THAT TANYA SLAVSKA USES! SO
SHE'S HORRORING AGAIN! WH! A
DANGEROUS AGENT...
THAT GAL!



BRUCE PUSHES A HIDDEN BUTTON!

DID YOU RING,
CAPTAIN?



SERGEANT GURK
TANYA SLAVSKA IS
IN TOWN! GET
HER DESCRIPTION
FROM THE FILES!
FIND OUT
WHERE
SHE IS
STAYING!

LOOK, BUDDY! DIDJA EVER
SEE THIS DAME?



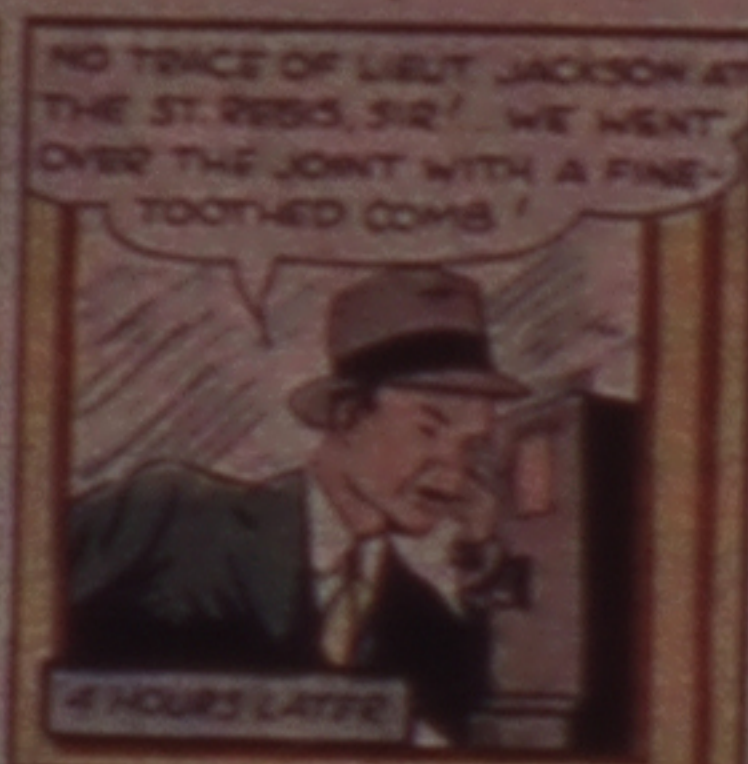
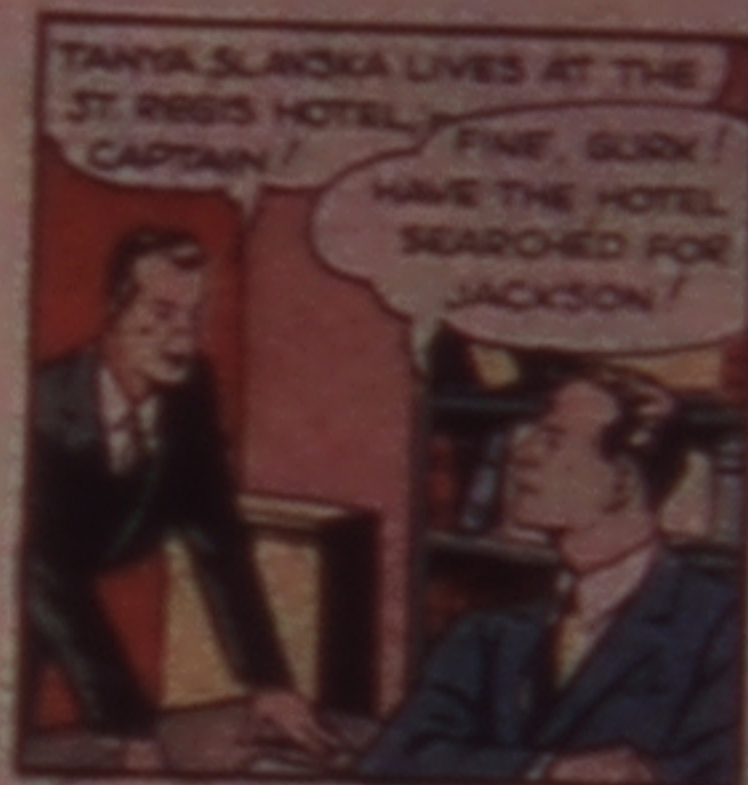
NO,
SIR!

AND... ALL OVER WASHINGTON!

EVER SEE THIS WOMAN
BEFORE?



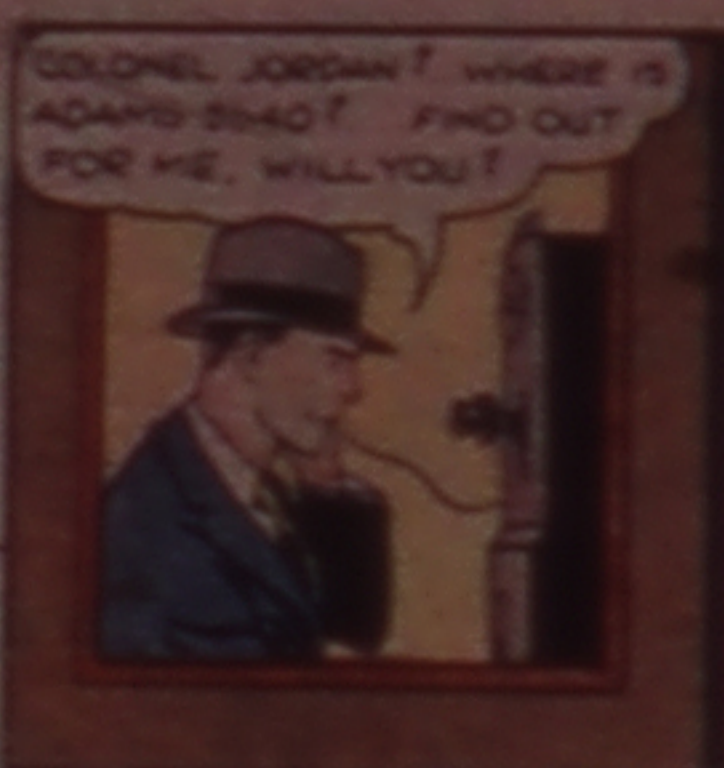
SURE! SHE
LIVES HERE AT
THE ST. REGIS!



THERE SHE GOES!



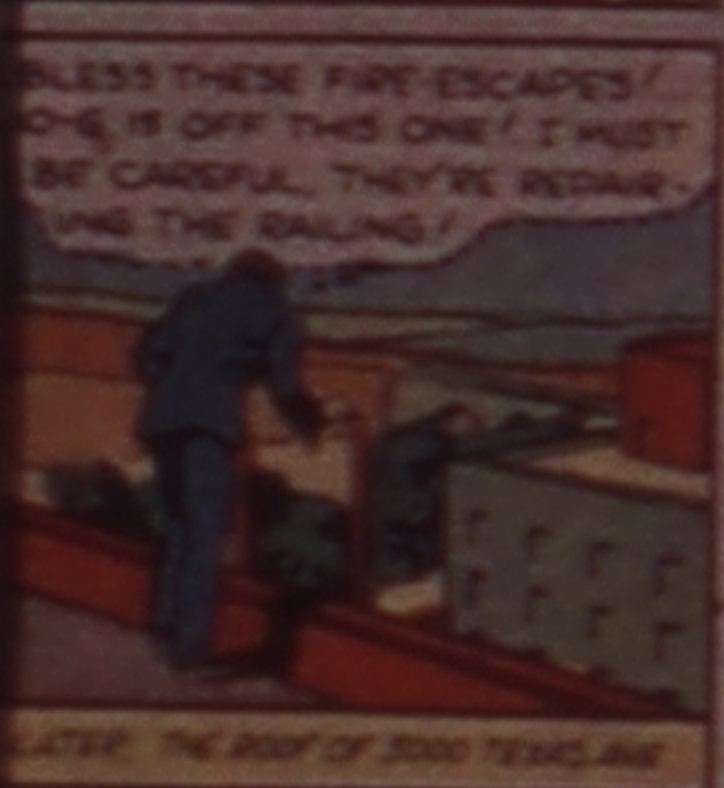
COLONEL JORDAN? WHERE IS ADAMS-BRAD? FIND OUT FOR ME, WILL YOU?



APT. 40-B? 3000 TEXAS AVENUE? MANY THANKS!



BLESS THESE FIRE-ESCAPES! ONE IS OFF THIS ONE! I MUST BE CAREFUL, THEY'RE REPAIRING THE RAILING!



LATER, THE ROOF OF 3000 TEXAS AVE

THERE'S JACKSON! AND HIS GUARD! I'LL HAVE TO RISK BEING SEEN WITH JACKSON!



GET 'EM UP! QUICK!



SACRE NOM! IT CAN'T BE!



THE GUARD SEEMS PARALYZED BY THE APPEARANCE OF HIS PRISONER'S DOUBLE!

GHOSTS!

DROP THAT ROD!



DIE, GHOST!

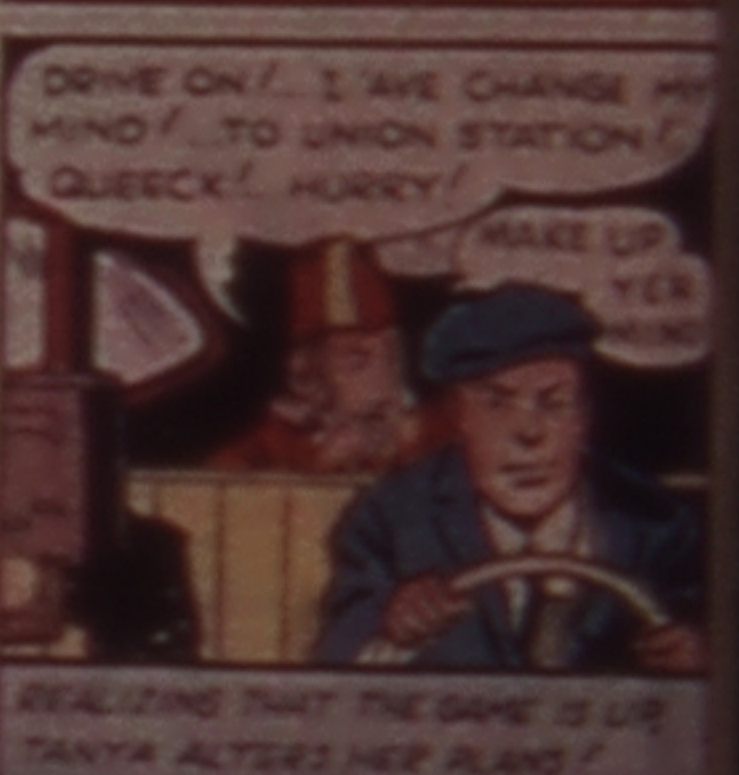
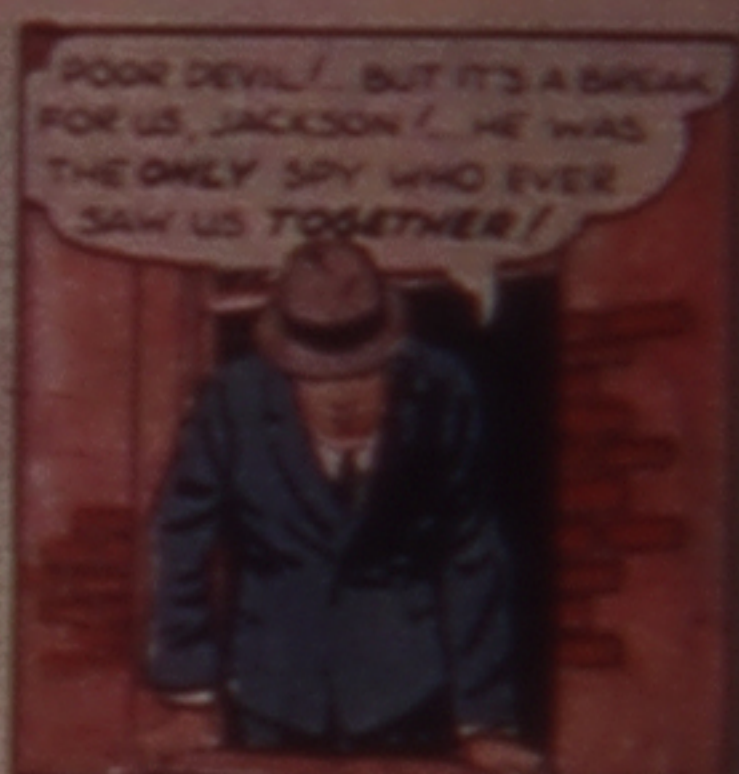


THE SPY FIRES... BUT MISSES!

"DIE" NOTHING!... THIS WON'T MISS!



BRUCE'S SHOT CRIPPLES THE SPY'S GUN HAND!





HIDDEN IN THE THICK LUSH FOLIAGE OF A TREE SAMAR SLEEPS SOUNDLY IN HIS JUNGLE HUT.



SUDDENLY A CRACKLING NOISE CATCHES HIS KEEN SENSES.



AN ENRAGED GORILLA CRASHES INTO HIS TREE.



TOGETHER THE BEAST AND THE MIGHTY SAMAR HURTLE TO THE GROUND.



BUT SUDDENLY THE APE STOPS STRUGGLING AND COLLAPSES.



SOMEBODY SHOT THE BIG FELLOW! HE'S WEAK FROM LOSS OF BLOOD—I HOPE I CAN SAVE HIM!



DAYS LATER HIS WOUND HEALED THE GRATEFUL APE AND SAMAR BECOME FAST FRIENDS.



SAMAR NAMES HIS NEW FRIEND GOGA AND SHARES HIS FOOD.



ONE DAY GOGA RUNS TO SAMAR SHRIeking IN GREAT DISTRESS.



SWINGING THROUGH THE TREES WITH THE EASE OF A JUNGLE BEAST, SAMAR FOLLOWED BY GOGA.



COMES TO A CLEARING IN THE JUNGLE AS HE FOLLOWS GOGA'S SHRIILL DIRECTIONS.



AH! I SEE YOUR BROTHERS ARE IN TROUBLE!



BEFORE AN ANCIENT TEMPLE A CRUEL SIGHT GREETES THEM.



A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN LASHES A WHIP OVER A PROCESSION OF APES CARRYING GOLD.



NEARBY TWO MEN ARE WATCHING.



DON'T WORRY GOGA, WE'LL SAVE YOUR BROTHER APES SOMEHOW!



SUDDENLY SAMAR COMES UPON THE TWO MEN.



THAT GOLD THOSE APES ARE CARRYING WAS STOLEN FROM AN EGYPTIAN TOMB WHICH WE WERE EXCAVATING!



THE LAST APE ENTERS THE MYSTERIOUS BUILDING WITH THE WOMAN CLOSE BEHIND.



HOW DOES THAT WOMAN CONTROL THOSE APES THAT SHE ENSLAVED?



WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDED LIKE A FOOTSTEP? THERE'S NO ONE THERE!



CAUTIOUSLY SAMAR CREEPS UP TO THE TEMPLE...



WHAT A PILE OF GOLD! AND THOSE APES AS MEEK AS CHILDREN!



BEFORE THE GLOWING BRICKS THE APES STAND SPELL BOUND AS THE WOMAN CHANTS...



THE WOMAN HYPNOTIZES THE SAVAGE BEASTS MAKING THEM HER SLAVES...



SUDDENLY TWO OF HER ACCOMPLICES SPOT SAMAR.



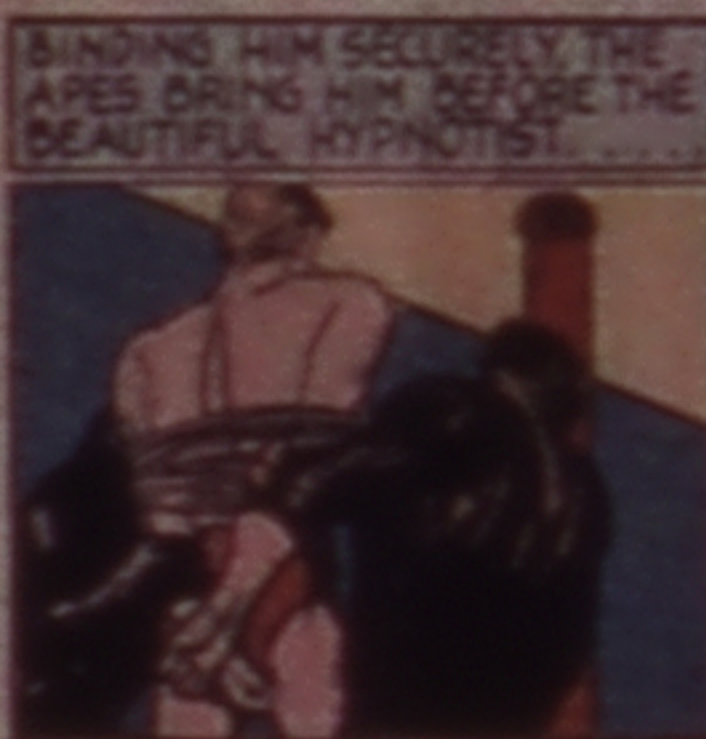
ALL RIGHT, JUNGLE BOY PUT YOUR HANDS UP!



BUT SAMAR, WITH CAT-LIKE SWIFTNESS, TURNS ON THE THUG AND SENDS HIM CRASHING TO THE FLOOR...

ANOTHER ONE OF THE GOLD THIEVES RUSHES IN.





UTHLESSLY THE WOMAN WHIPS
ER ENSLAVED CREATURES.



SUDDENLY SAMAR CRIES OUT
A FAMILIAR JUNGLE CRY.



AND THROUGH THE TREES
SWINGS THE FATHFUL GOR.



INTO THE MIDST OF THE APES LEAPS THE HUGE GORILLA,
SCREAMING HIS BATTLE CRY.



WITH MUSCLES STRAINING
SAMAR BREAKS HIS BONDS.



TERRIFIC BATTLE BEGINS
SAMAR AND GOGA FIGHT ON
AGAINST GREAT ODDS.



SUDDENLY ONE OF THE THUGS
WHIPS OUT HIS REVOLVER.



WAIT! DON'T SHOOT!
I-I Oke...



DEAD! SHE STOPPED
THE BULLET THAT
WAS MEANT
FOR ME!



THE SPELL IS BROKEN AND
THE APES RUN BACK INTO
THE JUNGLE. THE TWO GROOMS
FLEE.



THANK YOU SAMAR! WE'VE
RECOVERED ALL THE
GOLD!

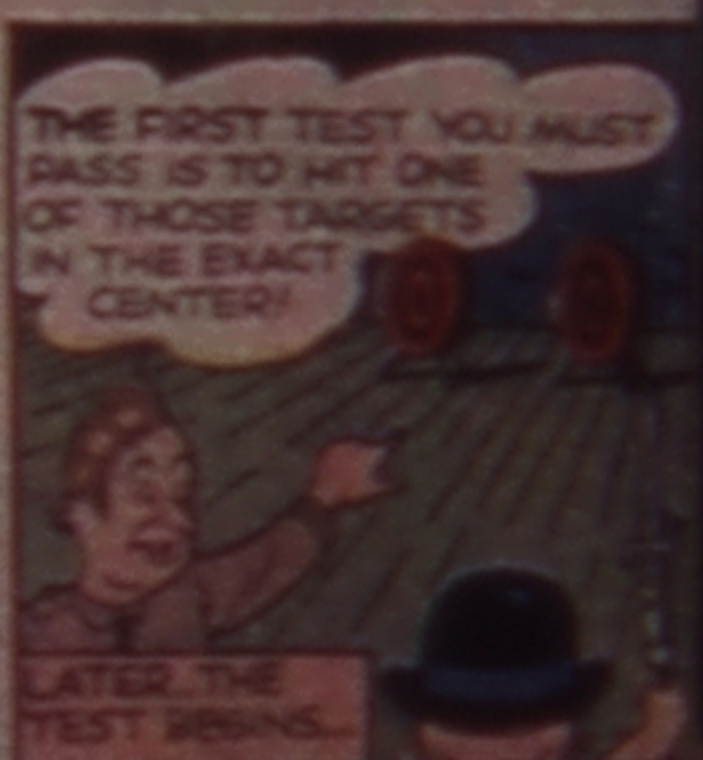
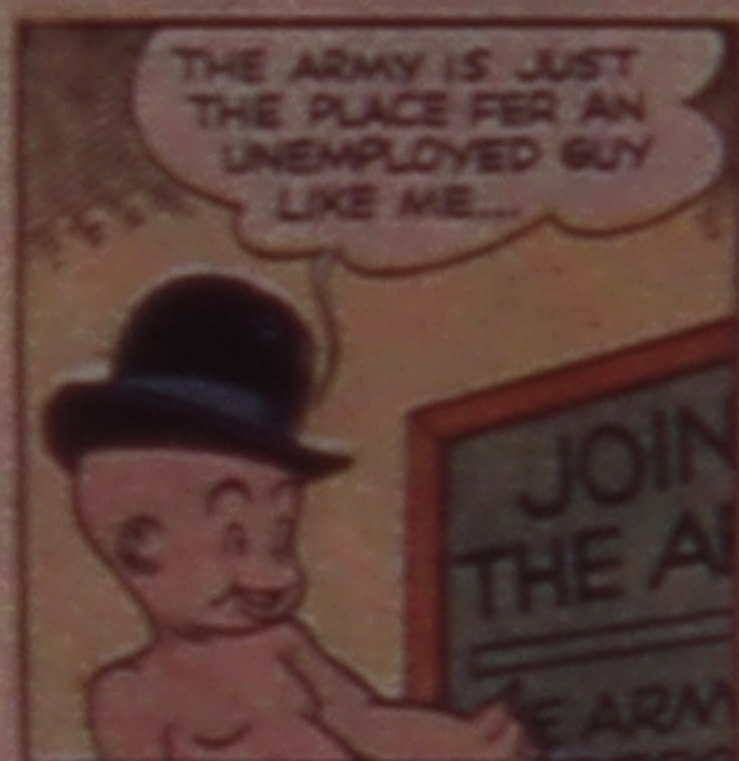


Poison

IVY

THE MIGHTY MITE

Bill Fox



AMAZING! WHY IN THE PAST,
MEN DID VERY WELL TO HIT
ONE BULL'S EYE AT A TIME!

KNOW, I KNOW!
WELL, WHAT'S
NEXT?

THE SOLDIER'S OBSTACLE
RACE. YOU'VE GOTTA
CARRY THIS 500 POUND
SHELL FULL OF
TNT OVER EVERY-
THING IN YOUR
PATH!

A
SET-
UP!

YOU GOTTA DO IT IN 15 SECONDS
IF YA DROP THE TNT SHELL
AND IT EXPLODES,
THE ARMY DON'T
WANT YOU!
HA-HA!

YEAH!
HA-HA!

AND POISON IVY
IS OFF ON THE
OBSTACLE TEST.

WHEN I GO,
I GO!

I JUST
HADDA NUDGE
THAT TANK
OVER THERE
TH' CORNER!

HERE HE
COMES, MEN.
READY, AIM.

HMF! I HAVE MORE
TROUBLE BENDIN' SPAGHETTI!

DID I
MAKE IT,
SARGE?

YOU'RE GREAT!
YOU STILL
HAVE FIVE
SECONDS LEFT!

WELL, OF
ALL THINGS!

GOSH! IF I'DA TOOK FIVE
SECONDS MORE, I COULDA PUT
ANOTHER KNOT IN THAT CANNON!

NEVER MIND GIVING ME THAT
SOAPY MALADRY, PAL! I'M
WARMED UP NOW.
WHAT ELSE
CAN I
DO?

NOTHING,
UNLESS YOU
WANT MY
JOB TOO!

NOW, FOR ONCE THIS
COUNTRY HAS A REAL
MILITARY MITE!

JOE
QUOTA
FILLED!

THE ARMY
NEEDS
100,000
MORE MEN!

SPIN SHAW

OF THE NAVAL AIR CORPS

BY REX SMITH



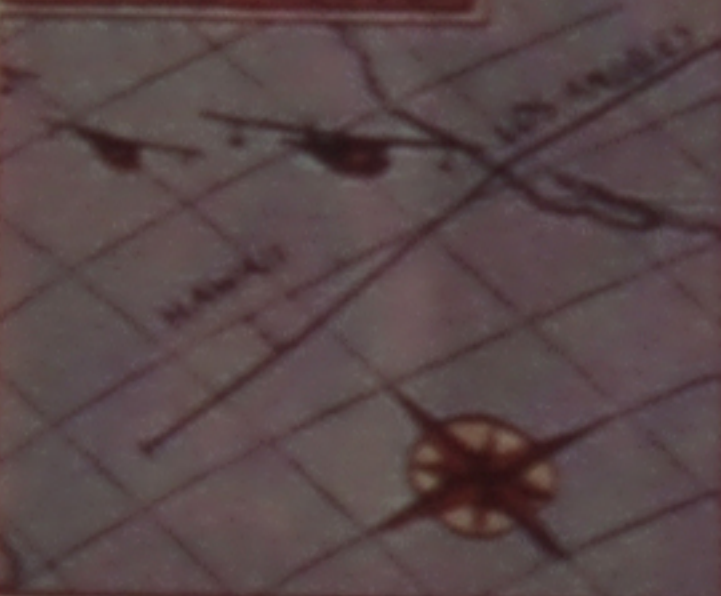
ROARING CROSS-COUNTRY TO LOS ANGELES THE FLIGHT
LANDS AND REFUELS THEN TAKES OFF FOR HAWAII



PILOTING THE LEAD PLANE
IS CAPTAIN SPIN SHAW USN



AN HOUR AFTER HOUR THE FLIGHT
PUSHES ON STOPPING BRIEFLY
IN HONOLULU



FINALLY THE PHILIPPINES
LOOM ON THE HORIZON



IN PERFECT FORMATION THE
PLANES LAND



AMIDST CHEERS AND CRIES
THE FLYERS ARE BROUGHT TO
SHORE



THERE THEY ARE GREETED BY
THE GOVERNOR AND HIS STAFF
FLASH BULBS LIGHT THE
SCENE WITH STACCATO
FLASHES



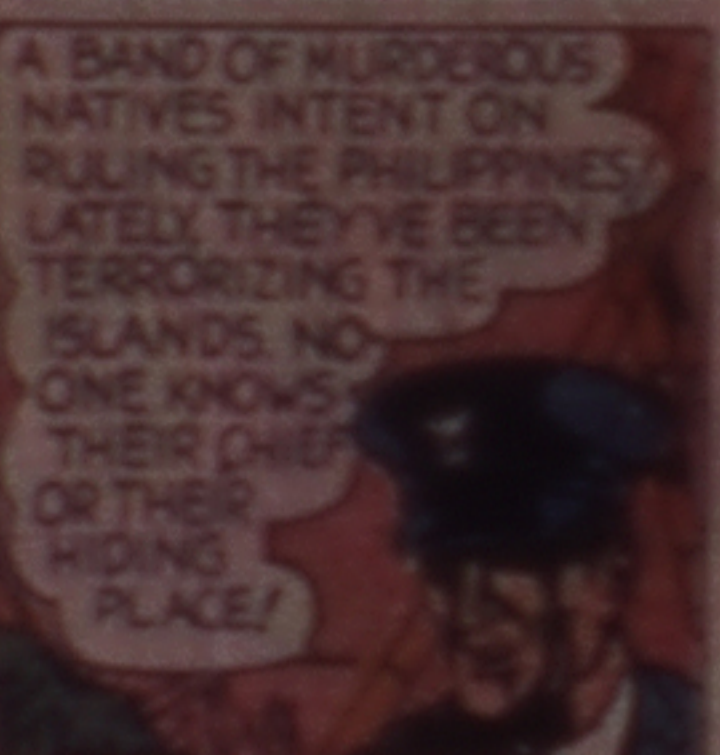
MEANWHILE ON A LONELY PART
OF THE ISLAND, A GOVERNMENT
OFFICIAL WALKS ALONG.



SUDDENLY A POWERFUL ARM
ENCIRCLES HIS NECK-AND A
DAGGER PIERCES HIS BACK !!



A FEW MINUTES LATER.



THAT NIGHT A BALL IS HELD
AT THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE
IN HONOR OF THE AVIATORS.



CAPTAIN SHAW YOU ARE AS
GOOD A DANCER
AS YOU ARE A
PILOT?



TOGETHER, THEY GO OUT ON
THE WIDE TERRACE.



FROM AFAR, A WEIRD CALL
ECHOES THROUGH THE NIGHT.



WHAT A STRANGE
SOUND-WHO IS THAT?



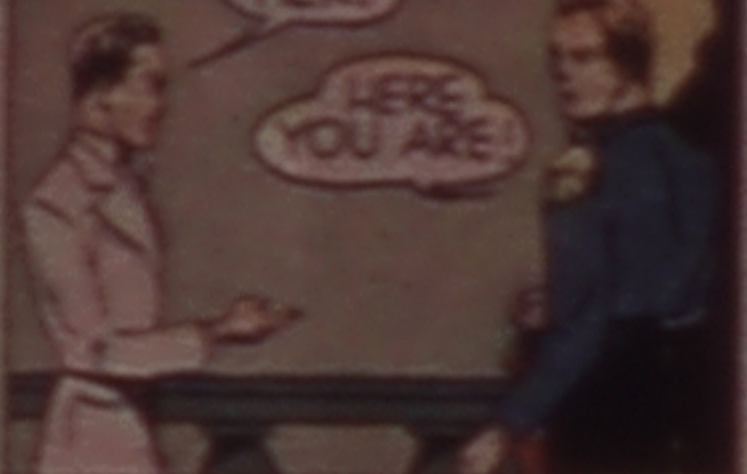
I DON'T KNOW-ER-WOULD
YOU GET MY WRAP, CAPTAIN?
IT'S CHILLY OUT
HERE!



RETURNING QUICKLY, SPIN FINDS THE PRINCESS GONE.



PARDON ME, CAPTAIN. THE PRINCESS SENDS HER REGRETS, BUT SHE WAS CALLED AWAY. I'LL TAKE HER CAPE TO HER.



THERE'S SOMETHING SCREWY GOING ON. I WONDER IF THAT CALL HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT? I'M GOING TO FIND OUT!



STAYING WITHIN THE SHADOWS, SPIN QUIETLY TRAILS THE SERVANT.



FOR AN HOUR THEY WALK, COMING AT LAST TO THE BASE OF A VOLCANO.



PICKING OUT A PATH, THE SERVANT CLIMBS THE STEEP MOUNTAIN.



HE'S DISAPPEARED RIGHT INTO THE PIT! NO! THERE'S A CAVE!



DARTING INTO THE HIDDEN CAVE, SPIN FOLLOWS THE TORTUOUS LABYRINTH OF ROCKY PASSAGES.



HEARING A SLIGHT NOISE
SPIN WHIRLS ABOUT, TO
SEE A KNIFE POISED TO
STRIKE!



YOU MIGHT HURT
SOMEONE WITH
THAT!



MORE OF THEM!
I'VE GOT TO GET
OUT OF HERE
AND WARN THE
GOVERNOR!



RELYING ON A DESPERATE PLAN, SPIN DASHES
DOWN THE SLOPE



PARDON MY
KNEE!



GUESS I PLAYED
TOO
ROUGH!



WITH HIS INFORMATION, SHAW
HURRIES TO THE GOVERNOR



WHAT'S THAT? THE
CHERUBUS ARE GOING
TO ATTACK TONIGHT!



CAN'T GET TROOPS THERE
FAST ENOUGH TO STOP THEM!
I'VE GOT IT-BOMB 'EM FROM
THE AIR! LISTEN, SHAW!
HERE'S WHAT YOU
DO-



WHILE AT THE MOUNTAIN, ONE
OF THE MEN REVIVES AND
TELLS OF SPIN'S ESCAPE



WE MUST ACT NOW!
GET THE MEN
TOGETHER! WE
WILL KILL THEM
ALL TONIGHT!
LEAVE NO WHITE
PERSON
ALIVE!



IN THE HARBOR ONE OF THE PLANES IS MADE READY



ANDING LIGHTLY SPIN BALANCES
HIMSELF ON THE BOSSING BOAT.



VICIOUSLY TWISTING THE WHEEL
PRINCESS LAHAINA TRIES TO
SEND SPIN INTO THE WATER.



ANOTHER TRICK LIKE THAT,
MY DEAR PRINCESS AND I'LL
BLOW YOUR BEAUTIFUL
HEAD OFF / STOP THE
BOAT, PLEASE!



A FEW SECONDS SPIN'S CO-PILOT
HANDS THE SEAPLANE.



AFTER YOU
PRINCESS AND
NO TRICKS!



SO YOU WERE
THE LEADER
OF THAT
MURDER
CULT?



TWO WEEKS LATER SPIN DROPS
IN ON THE GOVERNOR.



THE JURY IS STILL OUT,
BUT THERE CAN BE
ONLY ONE VERDICT—
"GUILTY?" YOU'VE SAVED
THE ISLANDS, CAPTAIN—
WE CAN NEVER THANK
YOU ENOUGH!



WITH THE ACCLAIM OF THE
PEOPLE RINGING IN HIS EARS,
SPIN TAKES OFF -

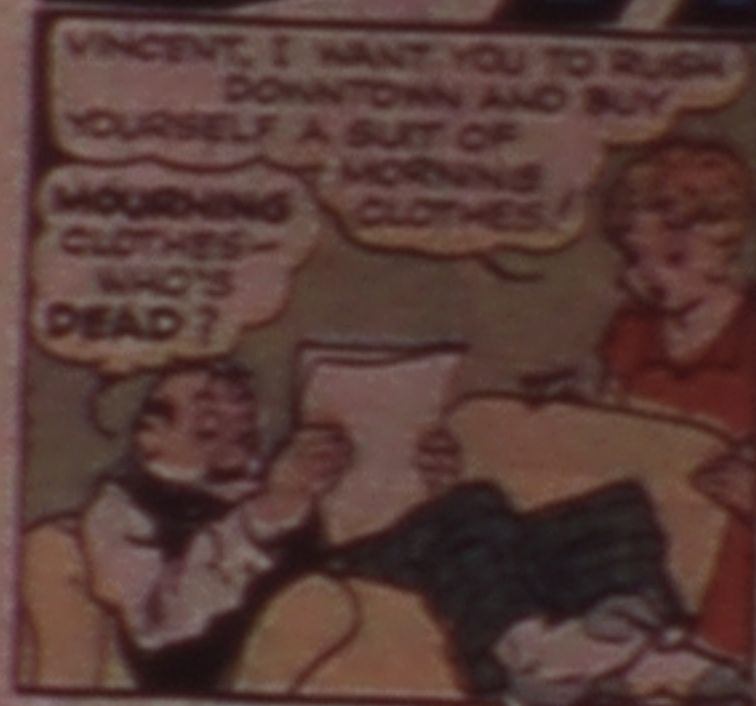


AND POINTS THE NOSE OF HIS SHIP HOMEWARD HAPPY IN THE
THOUGHT THAT HE AGAIN WAS ABLE TO SERVE HIS COUNTRY.



Follow the thrilling adventures of Spin Shaw in the July issue of FEATURE COMICS.

LALA PALOOZA



LALA PALOOZA

WORLD'S
FAIR
ADMIT ONE

GOLLY! I'LL NEVER FIND LALA IN THIS MOB—IF I COULD GET UP HIGH AND LOOK DOWN INTO THE CROWD I MIGHT BE ABLE TO SEE HER!

—I SEE THE PRIZE WINNING BEAUTIES FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE GLOBE, FOLKS—

—HERE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE CHARMING CREATURES—HEY! HOW'D YOU GET UP HERE?

HEY! YOU WITH THE BALLOONS—C'MERE!

—CAN YOU DO IT?

SURE—I USED TO MAKE LABELS FOR TOMATO CANS!

IF I CAN'T FIND LALA—I'LL LET HER FIND ME!

SHE OUGHT TO SEE THAT!

Lala Palooza and Vincent appear each month in FEATURE COMICS.

CAPTAIN FORTUNE

by
Vernon Henkel



ABOARD THE GOOD SHIP "REVENGE," CAPTAIN FORTUNE, ON A VOYAGE FROM ENOLA, ENCOUNTERS A TROPICAL HURRICANE!



LAND AHEAD! ALL HANDS ON DECK!! WE'RE ON THE ROCKS!



ABANDON SHIP!



NEXT MORNING THE 'REVENGE' SURVIVORS EXCITEDLY WATCH AN APPROACHING SHIP.

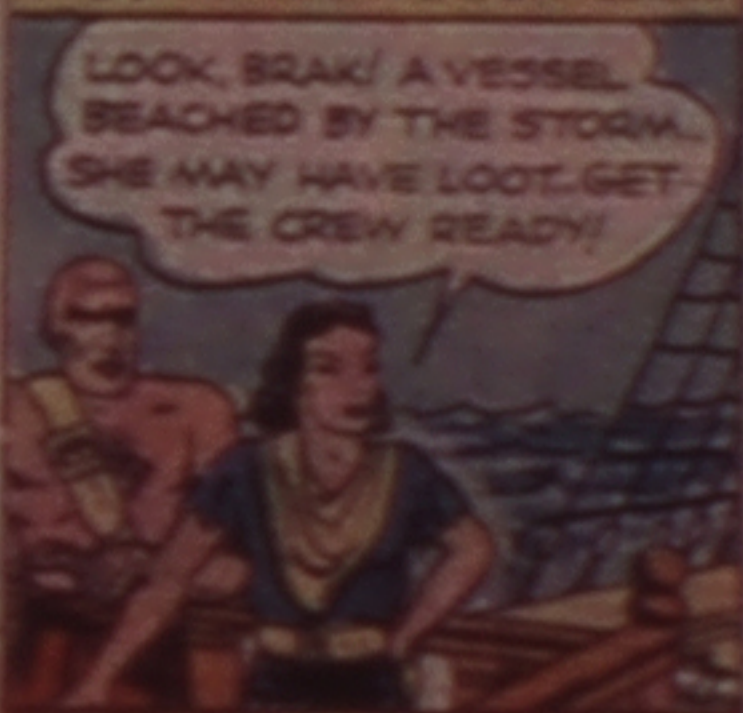


LOOK, KENTSHIRE! CAREFUL, A SHIP. MAYBE THEY WILL AID US! FORTUNE! SHE HASN'T THE LOOKS OF AN HONEST VESSEL!



ABOARD THE DISTANT SHIP...

LOOK, BRAK! A VESSEL BEACHED BY THE STORM. SHE MAY HAVE LOOT. GET THE CREW READY!



THOSE MEN ON THE BEACH. DESTROY THEM!



THE FIRST UNEXPECTED VOLLEY FELS FULLY HALF OF FORTUNE'S STARTLED CREW.



WE MUST SURRENDER TO THIS SHIP, FORTUNE! OUR WEAK SWORDS ARE NO MATCH FOR THEIR CANNON!

A YE! WE'LL SURRENDER FOR THE TIME BEING!



CEASE FIRING! THEY WAVE A WHITE FLAG!



THE PIRATE CREW QUICKLY SETS OUT FOR THE BEACH IN SMALL BOATS...



WELL? ON YOUR KNEES, DOGS! BOW TO YOUR MASTERS!

CAPTAIN FORTUNE BOWS TO NO MAN!



AH! THEN PERHAPS YE'LL BOW TO A WOMAN!



TO A WOMAN I MIGHT... BUT I COUNT NO PIRATE AS MY MASTER!



YOU INSOLENT SWINE, I'LL TEACH YE OBEDIENCE! PEDRO, DOMINIQUE! PREPARE HIM FOR THE LASH!



NO SEA RATS WILL PUT CAPTAIN FORTUNE TO THE LASH!



HERE... I RETURN YOUR UNUSED WHIP, FAIR ONE!



WHY/ YOU -- YOU --



TIE HIM UP, MEN... AND TAKE HIM TO THE SHIP!



ONCE ABOARD THE PIRATE SHIP FORTUNE AND HIS REMAINING MEN ARE LOCKED IN THE HOLD.



WHILE ON THE PIRATE'S BRIDGE.



WE MUST TRY TO OUTRUN THEM...LET ME HAVE EVERY INCH OF SAIL!



BUT DOGGEDLY THE TWO SPANISH VESSELS GIVE CHASE...AND SOON ARE WITHIN GUN RANGE...



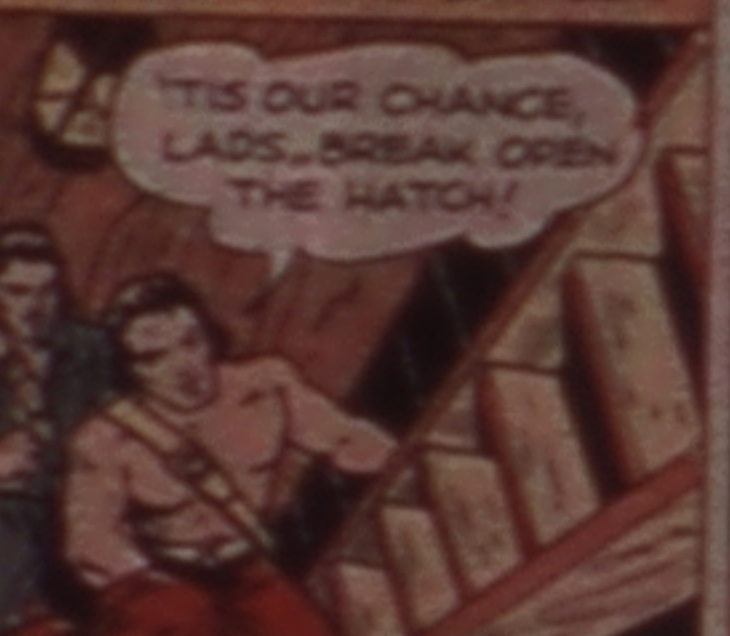
PUT A SHOT ACROSS HER BOW! WE'LL FIND OUT WHY SHE RUNS FROM US!



THEY'RE FIRING, BRAK! WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT!



IN THE HOLD, FORTUNE HEARS THE DIN OF THE BATTLE...



HA! YOUR MEN WILL MAKE A WELCOME ADDITION TO OUR FORCE!



WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT I WILL AID A PIRATE?



I HAVE NO CHOICE! MY MEN ARE AT YOUR SERVICE!



SO FORTUNE DIRECTS THE SHIP... IT'S SUICIDE TO STAY BETWEEN THEM...NOW...CIRCLE TO THE PORT SIDE!



FORTUNE'S CLEVER
MANEUVERING ALLOWS
ONLY ONE SPANISH SHIP
TO ENGAGE HIM... WHILE
IT BLOCKS THE FIRE OF THE
OTHER VESSEL.



KEEP FIRING, LADS!
THEY'RE WEAKENING
NOW!



THE FIERCE PIRATE FIRE BEGINS
TO TEAR APART THE SPANISH
SHIP...



AH! WE'VE PUT HER OUT OF
ACTION! NOW, TO ENGAGE
THE OTHER ONE!



BUT THE OTHER GALLEON IS
NO MATCH FOR FORTUNE'S
EXPERT GUNNERS, AND TURNS
TAIL AT THEIR FIRST VOLLEY.

WELL! OUR VICTORY
IS COMPLETE... THEY
ARE FLEEING!

AYE!



YOU HAVE FOUGHT GALLANTLY,
CAPTAIN FORTUNE! YOUR MEN
ARE FREE... AND YOU SHALL BE
MY FIRST LIEUTENANT!



BUT THE EX-LIEUTENANT BRAK'S
EYES FLAME WITH JEALOUSY.

NO MAN REPLACES ME...
NOT WHILE I LIVE!



BUT BRAK...
OH, WHH!



SWINE! FOR KILLING HER I'LL
RUN YOU
THROUGH!

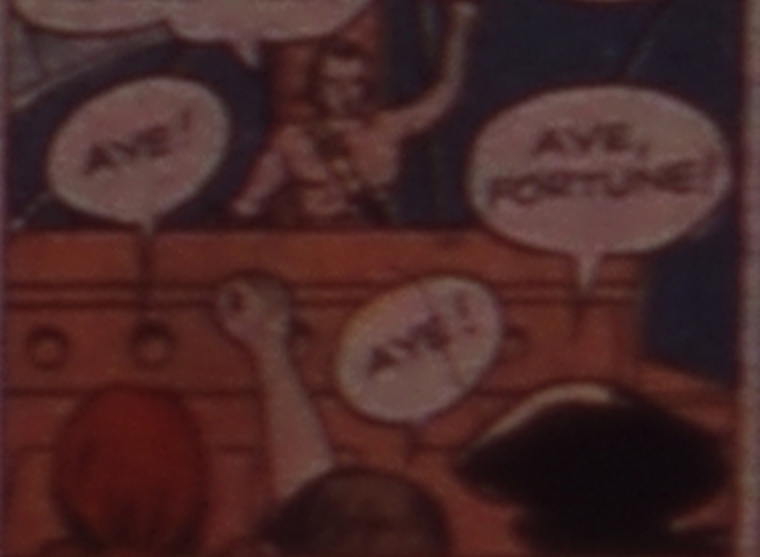
REEOWW!



MEN! THE MASTER OF YOUR
BOAT IS DEAD! WILL YOU JOIN
WITH ME TO BRING PIRATES
TO JUSTICE?

AYE!

AYE,
FORTUNE!



AND WHAT
IS OUR
NEXT
MOVE,
FORTUNE?

FIRST WE RETURN
AND REPAIR THE
"REVENGE", KENTSHIRE...
THEN WE MAY
LOOK AHEAD TO
ANOTHER EXCITING
ADVENTURE!



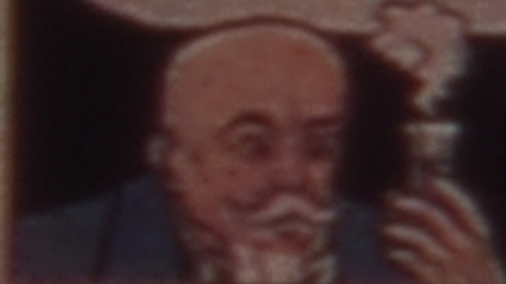
"THE VOICE"

AND THE SOLVING OF
THE WORLD'S GREATEST
COUNTERFEIT
CASE.....

A MAN NOW 50 YEARS OLD, HAS BEEN RESCUED FROM AN UN-CHARTED SOUTH SEA ISLAND WHERE HE HAD LIVED FOR 145 YEARS! HIS ONLY FOOD ON THE ISLAND WAS RARE HERBS WHICH LENGTHENED HIS LIFE AS IF BY MAGIC-GIVING HIM RARE POWERS OF BODY AND MIND.....

WHEN HIS SMALL FOOD SUPPLY RAN OUT HE DISCOVERED A CHEMICAL FORMULA FOR THE MAKING OF MORE.....

I CAN MAKE THE HERBS BY SIMPLY POURING THIS SECRET CHEMICAL ON THE LEAVES OF PLANTS OR TREES!



EVEN THIS CAR BECOMES LIKE A TOY WHEN I AM PROPERLY NOURISHED! I LOVE TO WATCH ROLKS' EYES POP WHEN I DO THIS TRICK!

?



TO PUT HIS POWERS TO USE, MR. ELIXIR, ALIAS "THE VOICE" HAS STUDIED VENTRILLOQUISM, MAGIC AND HYPNOTISM-- HE HAS DECIDED TO PLAY A LONE HAND AGAINST CRIME.

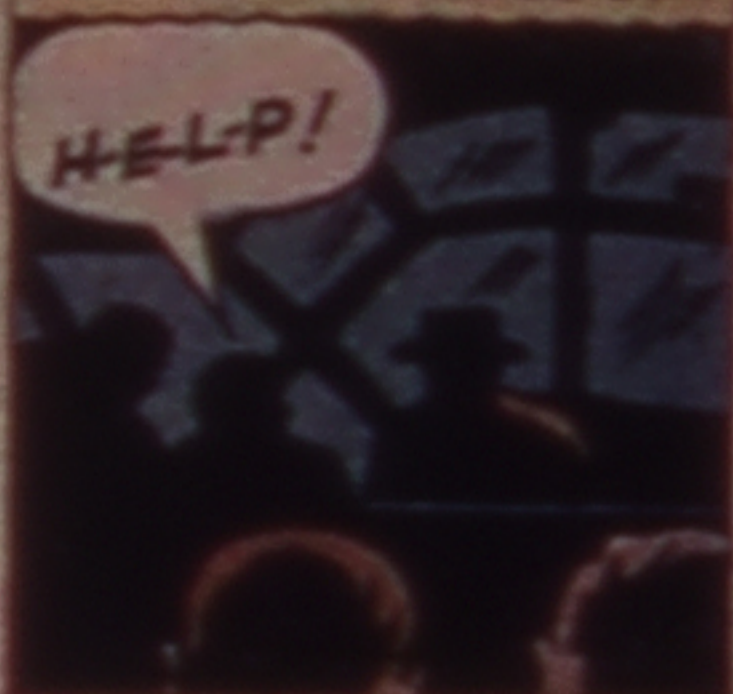


THEN ONE NIGHT RATE FINDS MR. ELIXIR ABOARD A PLANE BOUND FOR NEW YORK.....



SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS GO OUT!

HELP!



HERE-- I HAVE A FLASHLIGHT! WHO SCREAMED? ONE OF THE PASSENGERS HAS BEEN STABBED-- HE'S DEAD!!



E-E-EYOW! LEMME OUT!



HE'S THE KILLER!

...AND HE GOT AWAY!

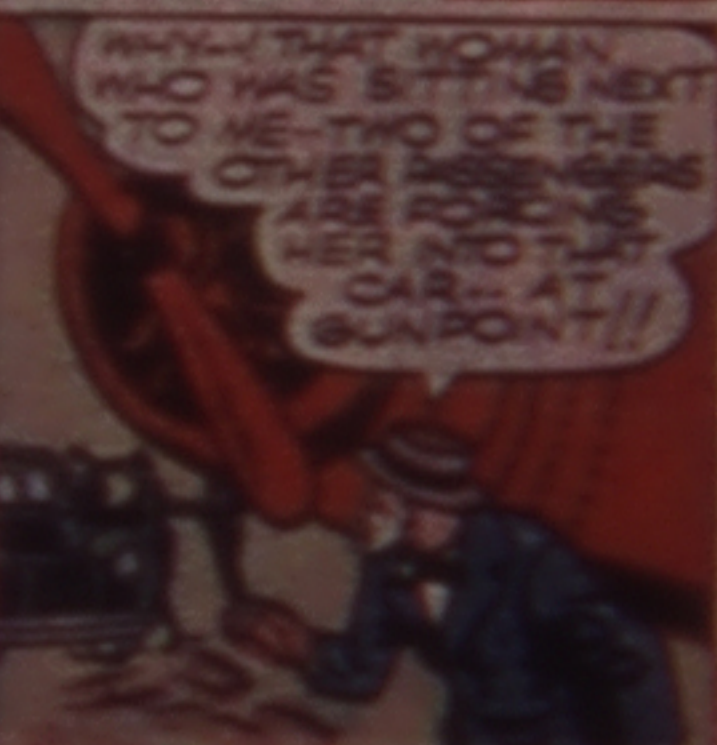


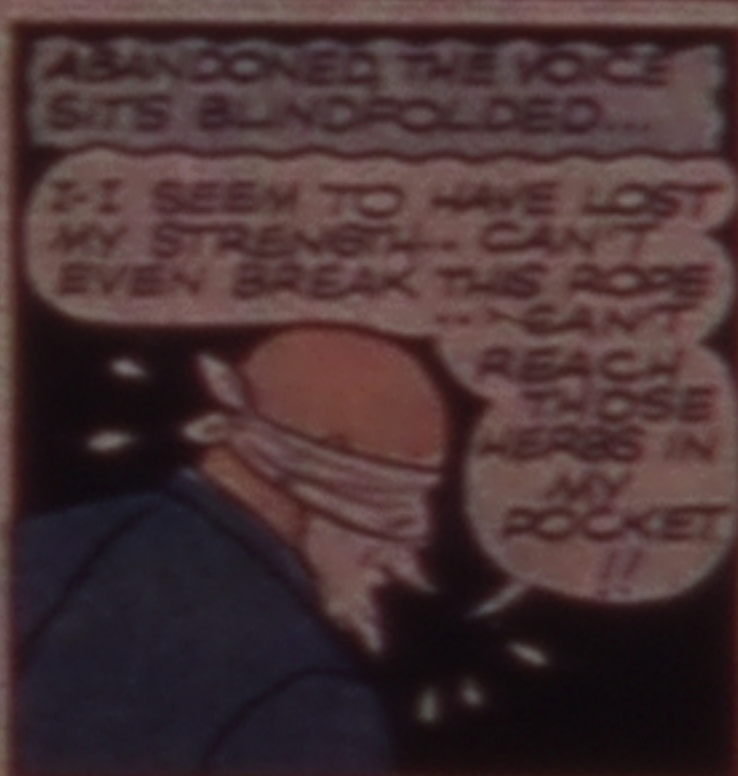
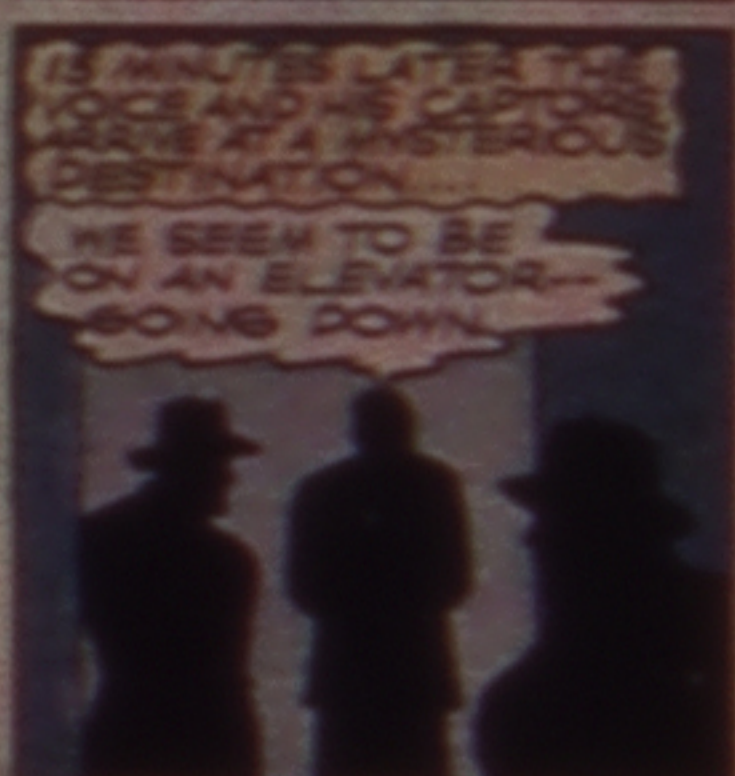
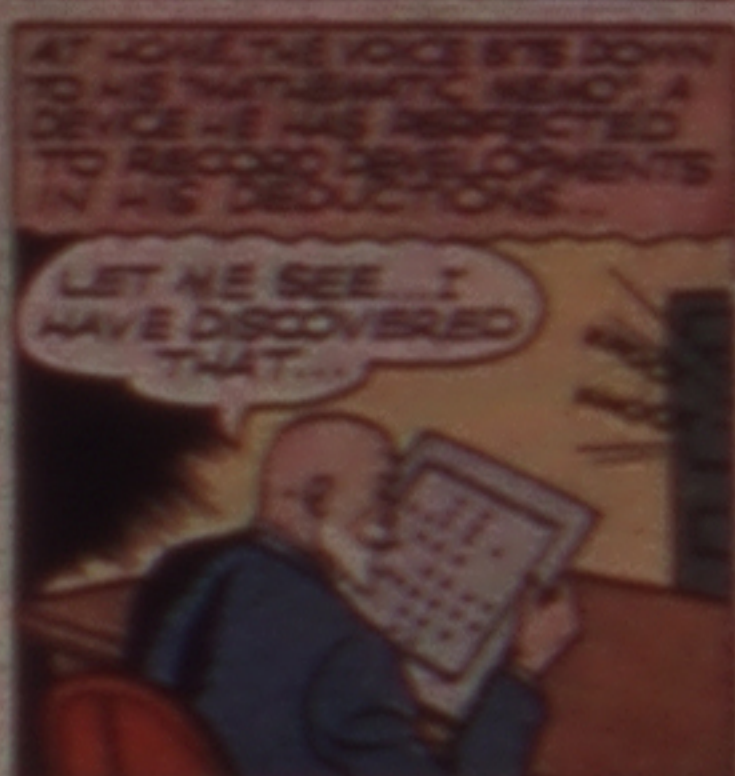
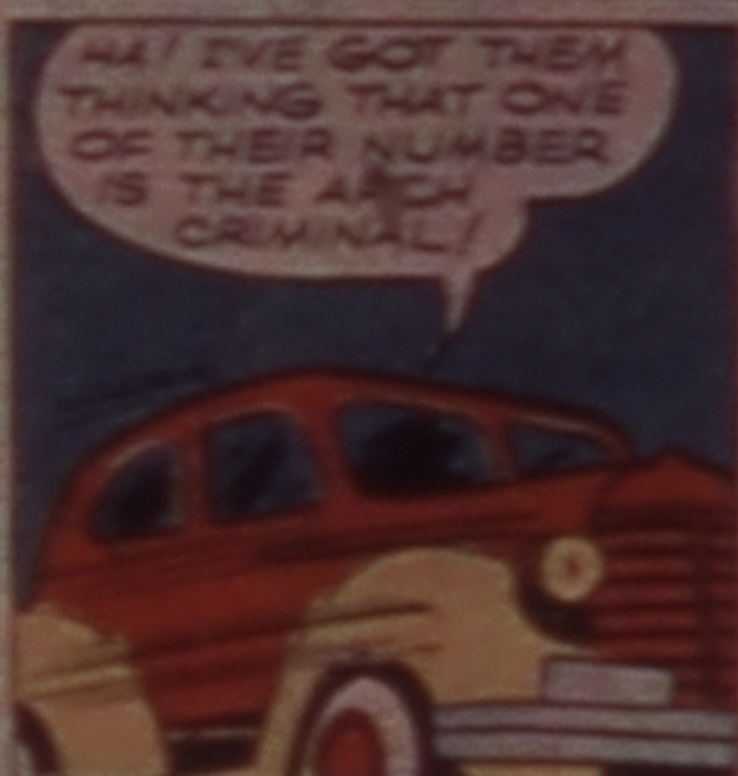
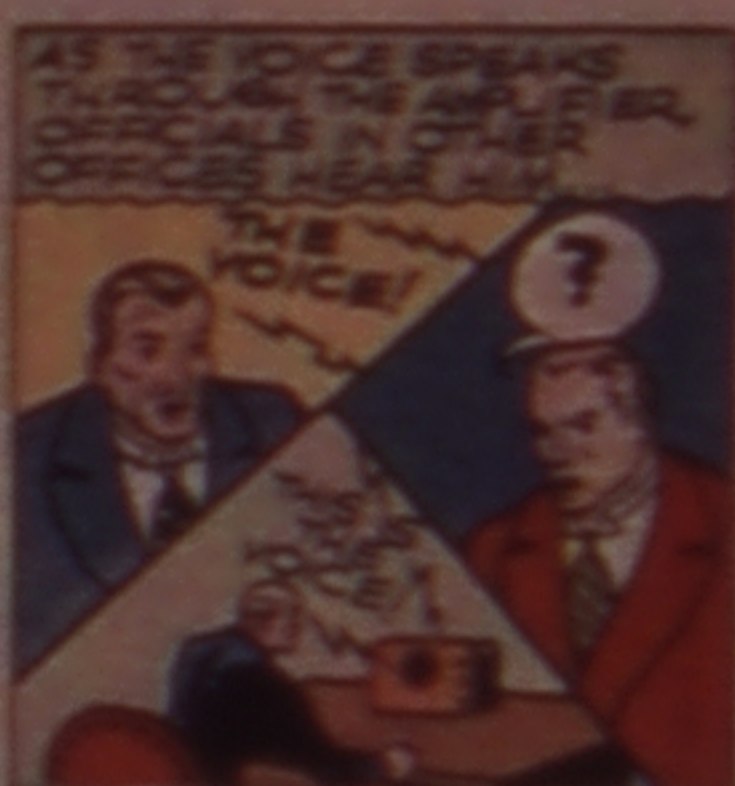
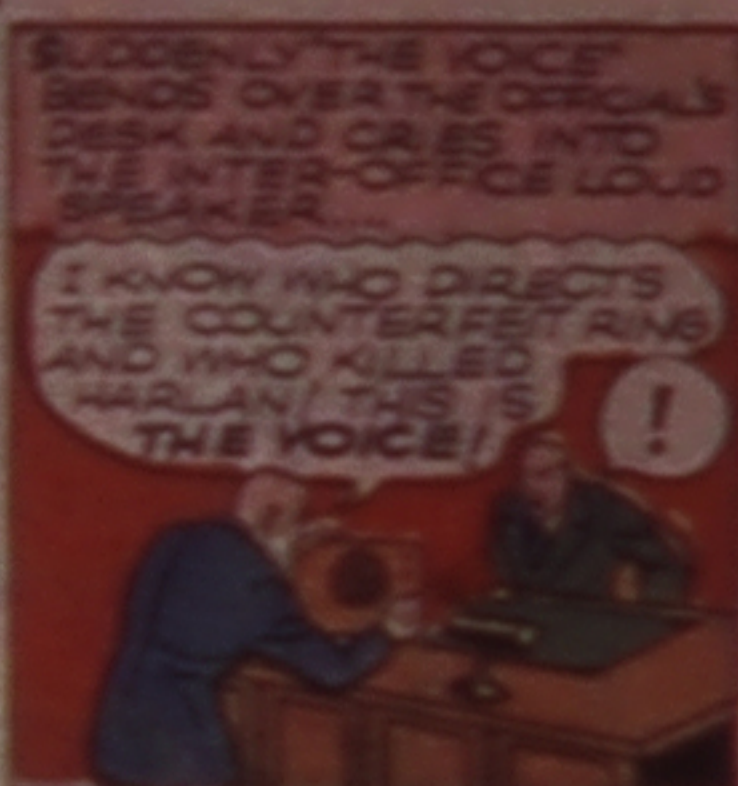
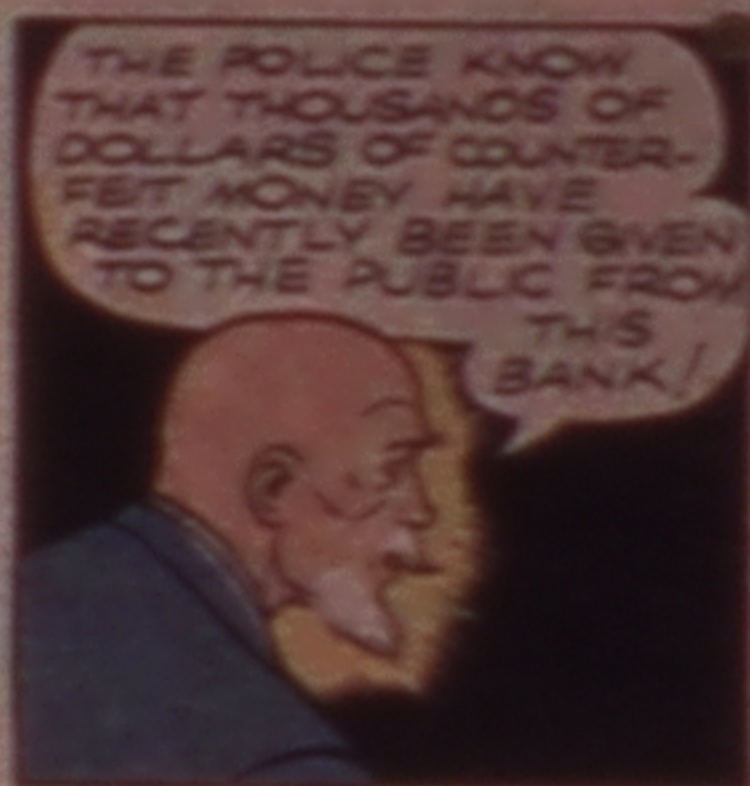
TWO HOURS LATER THE PLANE ARRIVES IN NEW YORK.



A MAN WAS MURDERED EN ROUTE, SIR! THE BODY IS INSIDE!!

WHY-- THAT WOMAN WHO WAS SITTING NEXT TO ME-- TWO OF THE OTHER PASSENGERS ARE RUNNING HER INTO THAT CAR-- AT GUNPOINT!!





SUDDENLY THE SOUND STOPS--AND A BOMB IS THROWN INTO THE ROOM!



IF ONLY I COULD GET THAT HERB FROM MY POCKET! I COULD GET MY STRENGTH BACK!



THEN THE BLINDFOLD SLIPS FROM HIS HEAD--

THERE'S A BURGALAR ALARM ON THE ROOF! I MUST BE IN A VAULT AT A BANK! AH--I CAN JUST REACH IT!



NOW--I'VE GOT TO REACH THAT HERB--OR ELSE...



I'VE GOT IT!



SUDDENLY AS IF BY MAGIC THE VOICE GAINS HIS SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH ONE STRETCH OF HIS MUSCLES AND HE IS FREE

AH--I'VE PULLED THE PLUSE FROM THE BOMB--JUST IN TIME, TOO!!



DASHING FROM THE ROOM THE VOICE DISCOVERS THE MISSING MRS. HARLAN LYING UNCONSCIOUS BUT STILL ALIVE--SUDDENLY--



WE CAN'T GET OUT! THE OLD BUY MUST HAVE SET OFF AN ALARM! IT LOOKS LIKE THE DOORS OF THE BANK!

QUICKLY "THE VOICE" WHIPS OUT A TINY INSTRUMENT AND DRESSES IT TO HIS LIPS...



ALL POLICE STAY AWAY!

I HAVE CAPTURED THE COUNTERFEIT RING! I HAVE DISCOVERED THAT RICHARD STEELE A CLERK IN THE BANK KILLED MR. HARLAN ON THE PLANE--



WHAT'S THAT?

THEN WITH A DASH THEY ABDUCTED MRS. HARLAN WHEN THE PLANE LANDED HOLDING HER CAPTIVE THEY FORCED THE BANK TO DISPOSE OF A HUGE SUM OF FAKE MONEY GIVEN TO THE DEPOSITORS--IN EXCHANGE FOR REAL CURRENCY--



HURRY MEN!

--HAD THE BANK REFUSED THEY WOULD HAVE KILLED MRS. HARLAN WHO YOU WILL FIND WITH THE GANG IN A VAULT BENEATH THE THIRD NATIONAL BANK--



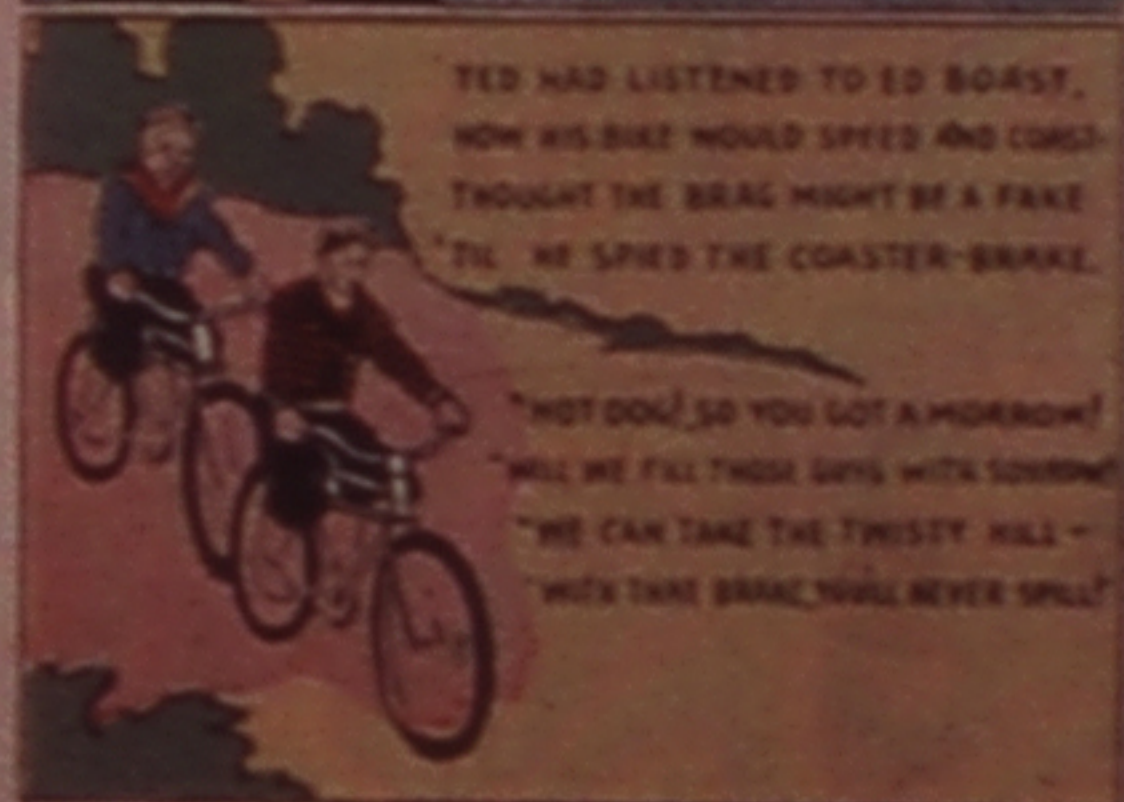
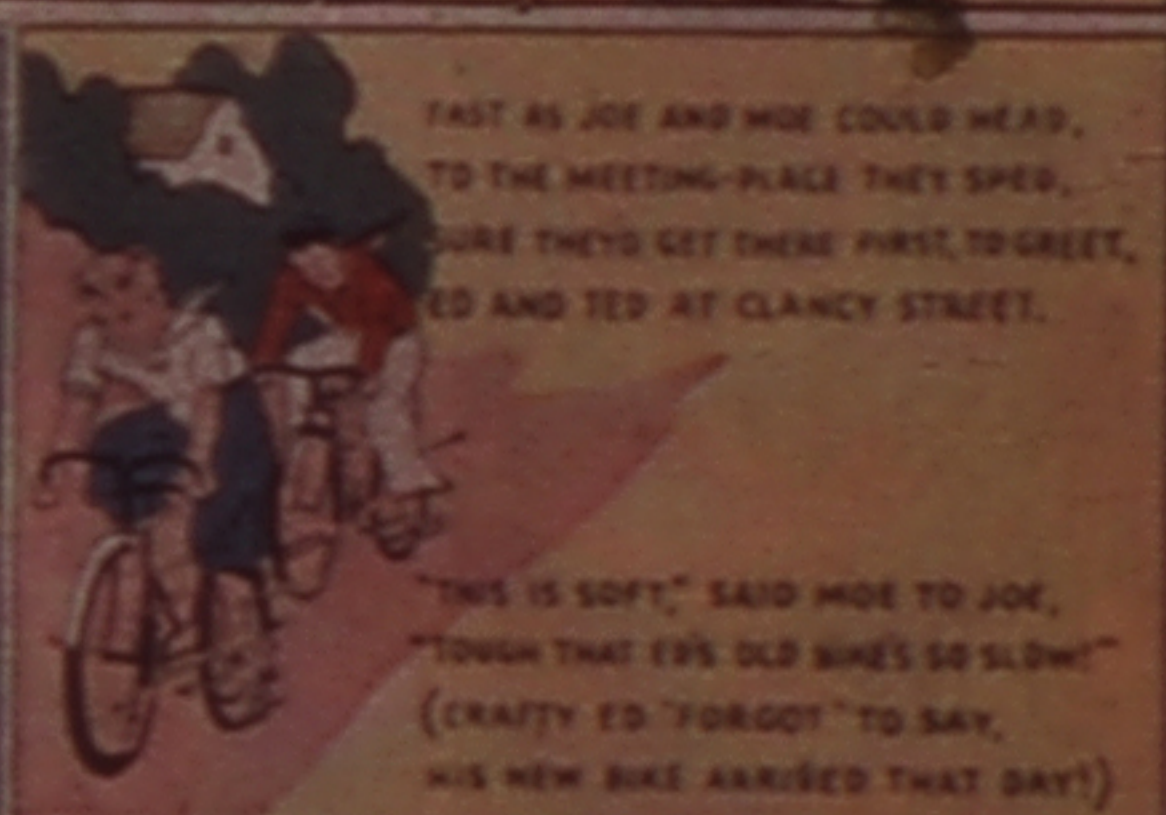
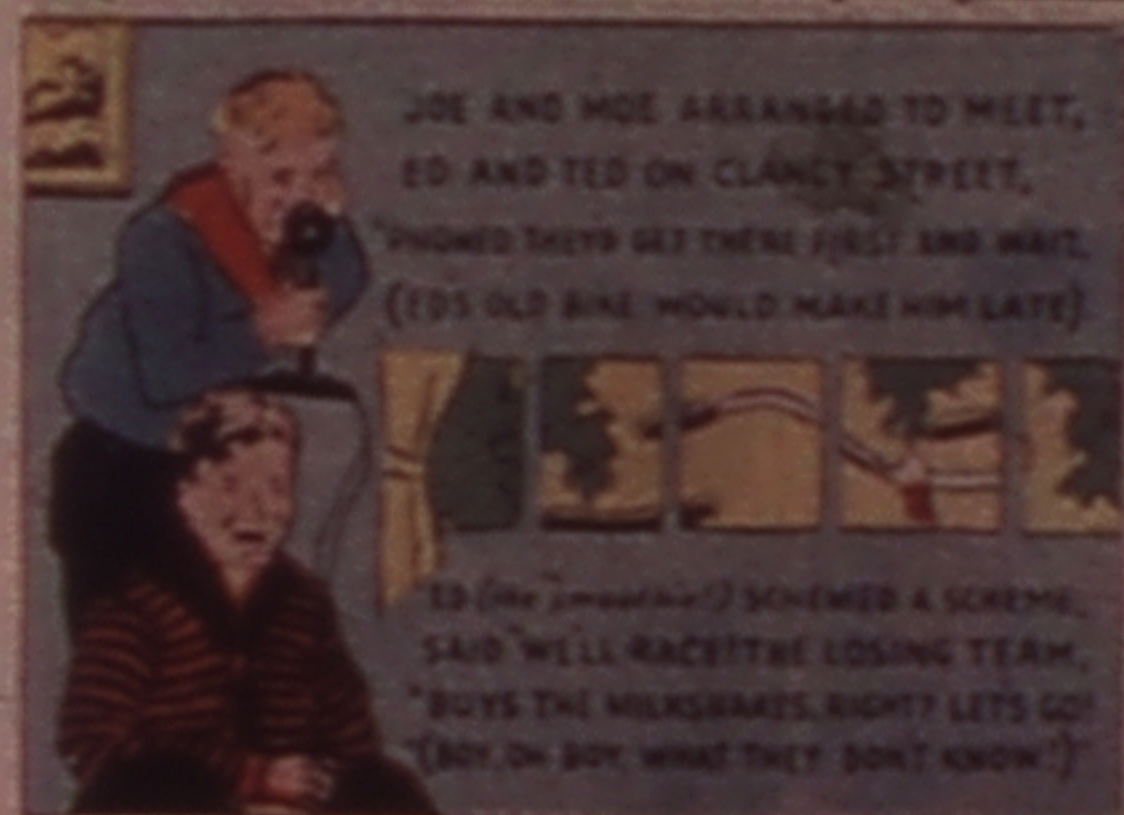
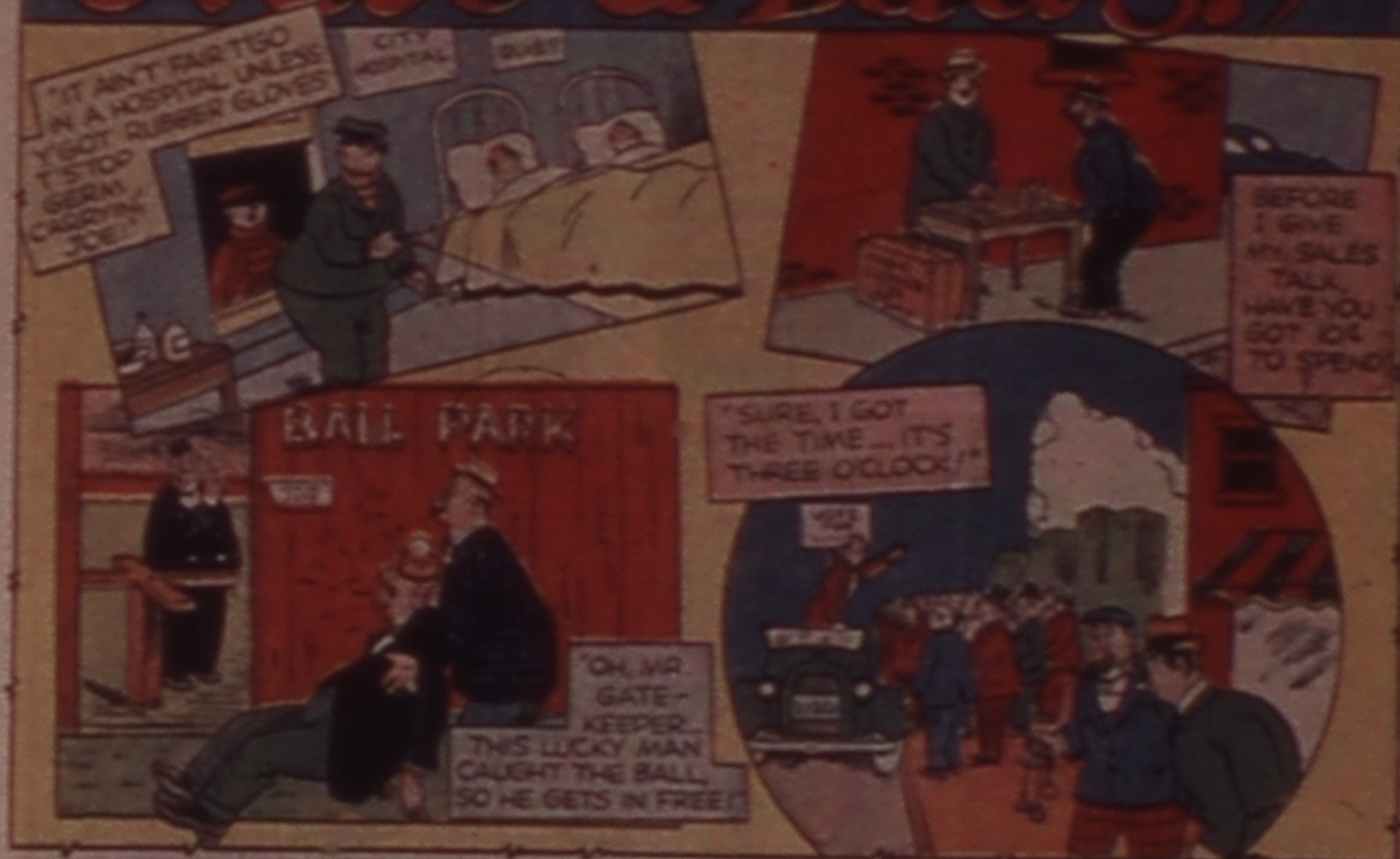
STEP ON IT, MIKE!

--MR. HARLAN ACCIDENTALLY DISCOVERED STEELE'S PLAN AND WAS KILLED BEFORE HE COULD DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT--BUT JUSTICE HAS WON! THIS IS ELIXIR--THE VOICE!!



More amazing deeds of The Voice in the July issue of FEATURE COMICS.

Have a Laugh



Buy FEATURE COMICS each month from your regular newsdealer.

ZERO

GHOST DETECTIVE

ZERO UNRAVELS THE MYSTERY OF THE BLOODY SWORD AND GRAPPLES WITH AN UNSEEN ADVERSARY IN A CRUMBLING MANSION A FADED REMINDER OF THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS THE OLD SOUTH.

NO ONE WOULD SUSPECT THAT AN ANCIENT SPELL COULD STILL SURVIVE IN SO MODERN A CITY.



BUT IN A SKYSCRAPER APARTMENT, MAJOR FRINCETT IS SHOWING HIS COLLECTION OF ARMS TO A CLOSE FRIEND.



THIS SWORD IS ONE OF MY MOST PRECIOUS POSSESSIONS. IT BELONGED AT ONE TIME TO AN ARABIAN KNIGHT!



IT HADN'T BEEN TOUCHED FOR MONTHS. LOOK AT THE DUST ON THE HANDLE.



GREAT SCOTT!! BLOOD!!



WHAT DOES THIS MEAN? WHAT?

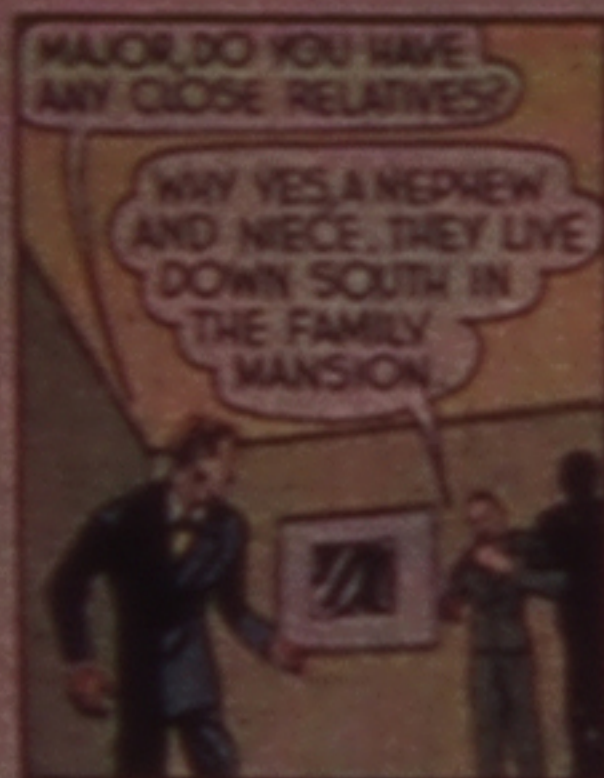


I BELIEVE THIS IS A CASE FOR ZERO!

ZERO, THE GHOST DETECTIVE, UPON HIS ARRIVAL, INSPECTS THE SWORD.



STRANGE... BUT THE BLOOD IS LOOSE!



HE IS ALMOST STRANGLING IN A
SUPER-HUMAN GRIP.....



ZERO FIGHTS FOR
HIS VERY LIFE WITH
HIS STRANGE
OPPONENT



AT LAST, ZERO IS FREE! HE DASHES HIS
HANDS IN A MAGIC GESTURE WHICH
DISPELS THE GHOST.....



YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE...

THERE THERE—CAN
YOU TELL ME WHAT
KILLED YOUR
BROTHER?



MY POOR BROTHER...
MY GREAT GREAT GRAND-
FATHER WAS A SLAVE
TRADER. HE WAS VERY
CRUEL TO THE NEGROES
THAT HE BROUGHT TO
THIS PLANTATION.



MANY OF THE HOODOO WORSHIPPERS
SNORE REVENGE.



IN EVERY GENERATION SOME
ONE OF OUR FAMILY HAS BEEN
KILLED! NOW, ONLY UNCLE
AND MYSELF
ARE LEFT!



THEN WE MUST GET YOU
AWAY FROM HERE AS
SOON AS
POSSIBLE!



WASTING NO TIME THE TWO HASTILY
LEAVE THE HOUSE!



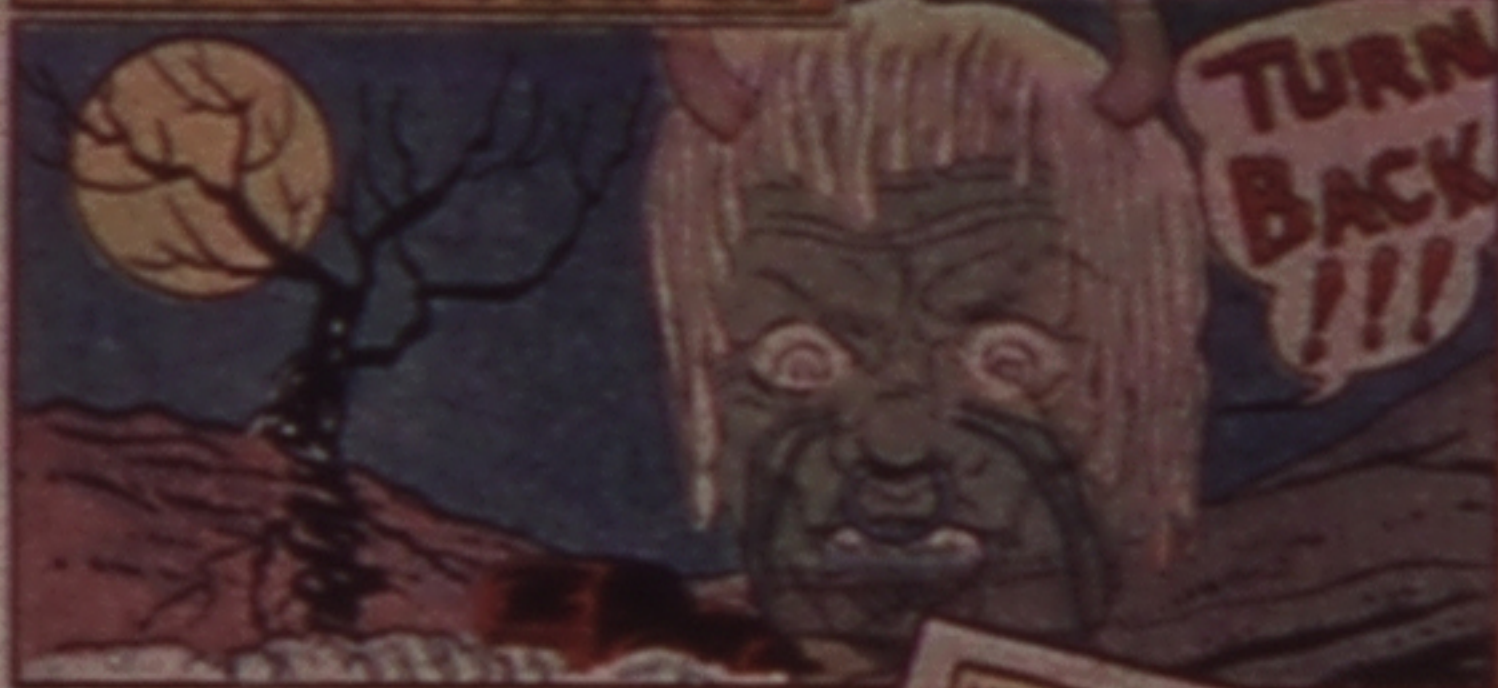
IT WOULD BE WISE AND
SAFER FOR YOU TO FORGET
THE OLD HOMESTEAD
AND NEVER RETURN!



SUDDENLY A STRONG
DRUM BEAT FORCES
THROUGH THE NIGHT



A WICKED APPARITION A FIERCE AFRICAN HOODOO GOD RISES BEFORE THEM ON THE LONELY ROAD

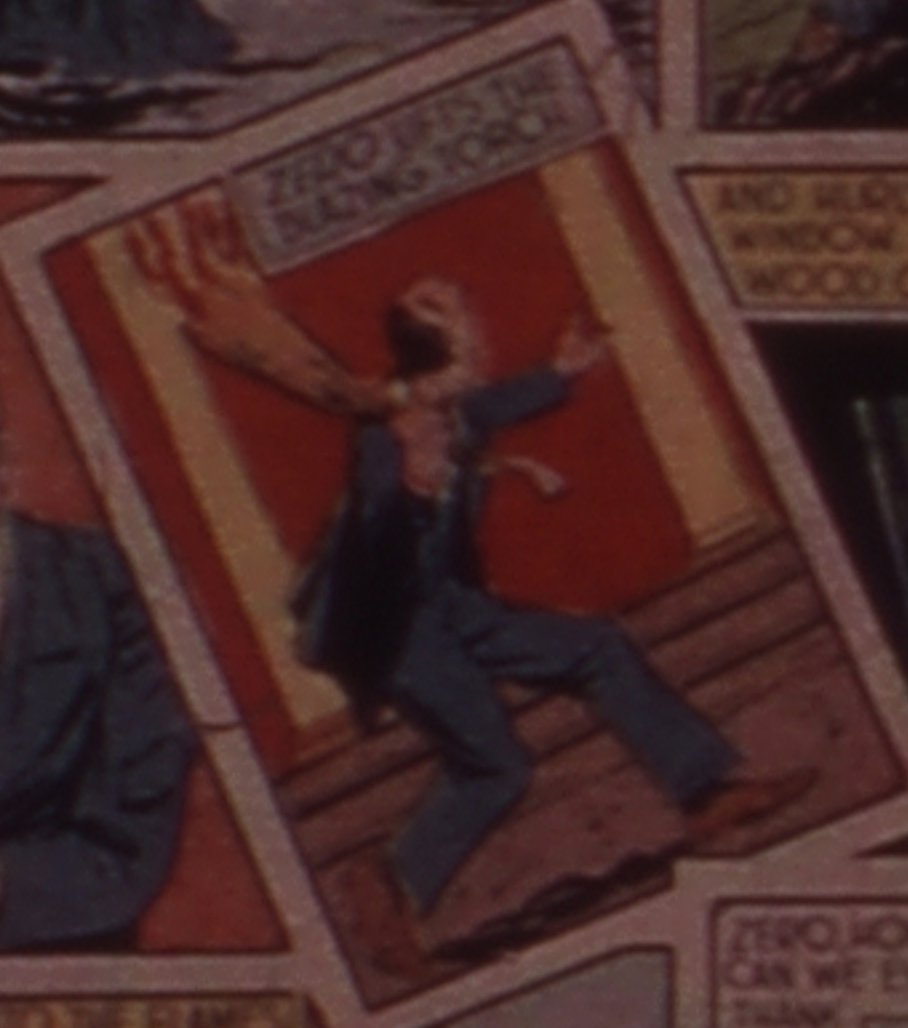


BUT ZERO DOES NOT SEE THE GRAVE PERIL THAT LIES AHEAD HIS CAR DROPS OFF A HIGH PRECIPICE...



BUT... SUDDENLY OVER THE HIGH BLUFF THEY HEAR THE LOW THREATENING MOAN OF AN ANCIENT HOODOO CHANT... THE GHOST SLAVES AGAIN...





THE DEAD RETURN

By
ROBERT M. HYATT

The *Rita J* slipped through the dark, quiet sea like a ghost ship. The crew had long since crawled into their hammocks.

But Blake Mulravey was awake. Blake was skipper of the *Rita J* and a tougher, more heartless man didn't ply the seas. From Singapore to the Cape he was known as "Bad Eye" Mulravey.

Tonight he paced the length of his cabin trying to think of some way to get possession of the map that reposed in old John Barlow's pocket. It was a map giving the latitude and longitude of the sunken *Sybil*, the ill-fated schooner which had carried \$1,000,000 to the bottom eight years before. Barlow, a diver, was the only survivor and he had taken the ship's position just before the fatal explosion of her boilers.

Barlow had come to Mulravey in Melbourne, and the two men had agreed on a deal—Mulravey to furnish the ship and crew, Barlow to turn over one-third of the salvage (if any) to Mulravey, one-third to the crew, and retain the remaining third for himself. The old man kept the map out of sight, checking the *Rita J's* position daily.

Barlow had been accompanied by Perry Scott, a young student navigator who wanted to test a new type of radio diving rig.

Thinking it over, Bad Eye had decided that one-third of a million was not enough. And why should the scummy Lascar crew divide a third? No, reasoned Bad Eye, the split was crazy. Why not take it all himself?

John Barlow always sat till midnight on the aft-deck, enjoying a pipe before turning in. He was there now, his presence marked by the intermittent glow of his pipe. It guided Mulravey

in his cat-like approach.

"Not a word, Barlow!" hissed Bad Eye just behind the old man's chair.

Barlow got up quickly. "Why—what's the meaning—"

"This," snapped Mulravey. "I want that map. Now—or you'll be shark bait!"

"You dirty rat!" Barlow said. "I might've known your stripe would try to cheat me. Well—"

"Stow the gab," cut in Mulravey, "and hand over the map."

"Mulravey," said Barlow, "I know your game. You're holding a gun on me—so you win for the moment. But I'll swear, if anything happens to me, I'll come back and kill you! I'm not so sure though—"

Barlow took a quick step back, going for his gun. His foot slipped and he fell heavily, his head crashing into the iron stoppers. He lay still, knocked unconscious.

Bad Eye ripped open his jacket and drew out the precious map. Stuffing it into his own pocket, he picked up old Barlow and dropped him over the side. There was a splash—then silence.

"Come back, will he?" sneezed Bad Eye. "Not after them sharks get done with him!"

They sighted the *Marquesas* in the morning. Mulravey kept a close watch on the schooner's instruments. Just before noon he ordered a halt. According to the map, the *Rita J* was directly over the wrecked *Sybil*.

Barlow had been a late sleeper, but when he didn't show up on deck by noon, Perry Scott began making inquiries.

"Ain't seen him," Bad Eye said. "Mebbe in his cabin."

But he wasn't. His bunk was undisturbed.

"Mebbe fell overside," hazarded Mulravey.

"Maybe!" exploded young Scott. "Something's happened to him—to the map, too."

"That won't make no diff," Bad Eye told him; "he gave me a good id-ee of the *Sybil's* location; we're about over her now, I figger."

An hour after lunch the *Lascars* broke out the diving rig and Mulravey went down. Perry manned the telephone connecting diver with ship.

Five minutes. Ten. Twenty. Mulravey's voice crackled into the transmitters:

"Okay. See the wreck. Swing me to the starb'd—easy does it! . . . There. Now lower away. Hold it!"

"Forty-two fathoms, Captain," said Perry into the phone. "You all right?"

"Right. Give me a little slack cable."

Perry waited five minutes. "How goes it, Captain?" he said. There was no answer. He repeated the message. Still silence. The air was going down steadily. There was an auxiliary unit inside the helmet, if the upper air was cut off. There was also a two-way radio (Perry's invention) that could replace the phone, if the line was cut.

Perry shouted his question into the set. He thought he could hear a babbling sound, like low laughter, but he wasn't sure.

Yes, there it was! A crazy laugh rippled into Perry's ears. An insane laugh. Perry shouted to Mulravey, but there was no answer; just that laugh.

Mulravey was deep in the hold

of the battered wreck. He had bashed in the strongroom door, which swung on its barnailed hinges. He stood there, far back in the water-filled chamber, while peal after peal of laughter issued from his lips. Perhaps he didn't know he was laughing. Perhaps it was his way of expressing the terrible avarice that the light before him produced. Perhaps it was the gold madness . . .

The room was literally crammed with bar gold. It was all there, brick-sized ingots of the moldy yellow stuff. A million dollars worth! Mulravey picked up a bar, caressed it, fondled it with his awkward toggles. Gold! His gold! Yes, every blankety bar of it. All his!

Mulravey was abruptly conscious of another presence in the watery strongroom. It floated in through the swinging door — a weird, misshapen thing with idly flailing tentacles and a ghastly, bloated face with protruding eyes. Its lower jaw flapped open and shut, as if it were saying something. *Saying something!* Yes, that was it, it was saying something! One of its long arms seemed to raise, and a whitish finger pointed accusingly. Pointed at Mulravey, while that terrible jaw worked, forming words!

Mulravey stood there, the color drained from his face. Then he screamed, again and again, stumbling against a bulkhead, paralyzed into immobility.

The thing floated back out the door. The door swung shut, closed tightly on the air line, snapped the phone cable.

Mulravey choked, sagging in his metal prison. The air grew foul. His lungs were bursting. Black flecks darted across his vision. He tried to shout. He forgot the auxiliary air unit, forgot the radio—

"Something's happened!" cried Perry. "He doesn't answer; the radio picks up a groaning sound. Bring him up, men!"

The windlass began revolving, the steel cable drew taut, then

snapped. Mulravey was on the bottom.

"The oxygen — if he only thinks about turning it on!" cried Perry. Then: "Break out the other suit, Kona; I'm going down."

Five minutes later Perry was being lowered into the greenish depths. He touched bottom, snapped on his light. There was the wreck, ten yards off. The crane swung him in. His light cut through the black water, centered on a strange sight. The figure of a dead man sat crouched against the strong-room door. It was as if he were holding it shut by main force. Mulravey's lines were tightly clamped in the door jam.

Perry quickly got a line fastened around the dead man and gave orders to haul him up. Then he pried the heavy door open. Mulravey was there, one toggle grasping a gold brick. In a moment Perry had another line hooked to the steel suit, and Mulravey was being lifted to the surface. The gold could wait . . .

Once again on deck, Perry helped the crew to pull Mulravey out of his suit. He was dead, strangled from lack of oxygen.

"He never thought of the safety tank," said Perry. "Now about the other one—"

The natives pointed to a tarpaulin covered figure lying on

Oh Boy!
FIREWORKS
 THINK OF IT! An assortment of over 100 pieces of fireworks worth \$1.25, for \$1.00 each with order. We have the famous "JERMA" Rock Rockets. World's best! and 100 FREE valentines with every order!... Free catalog.
 JOHN HENNING 210 Bond Street, F. THOMAS, MD

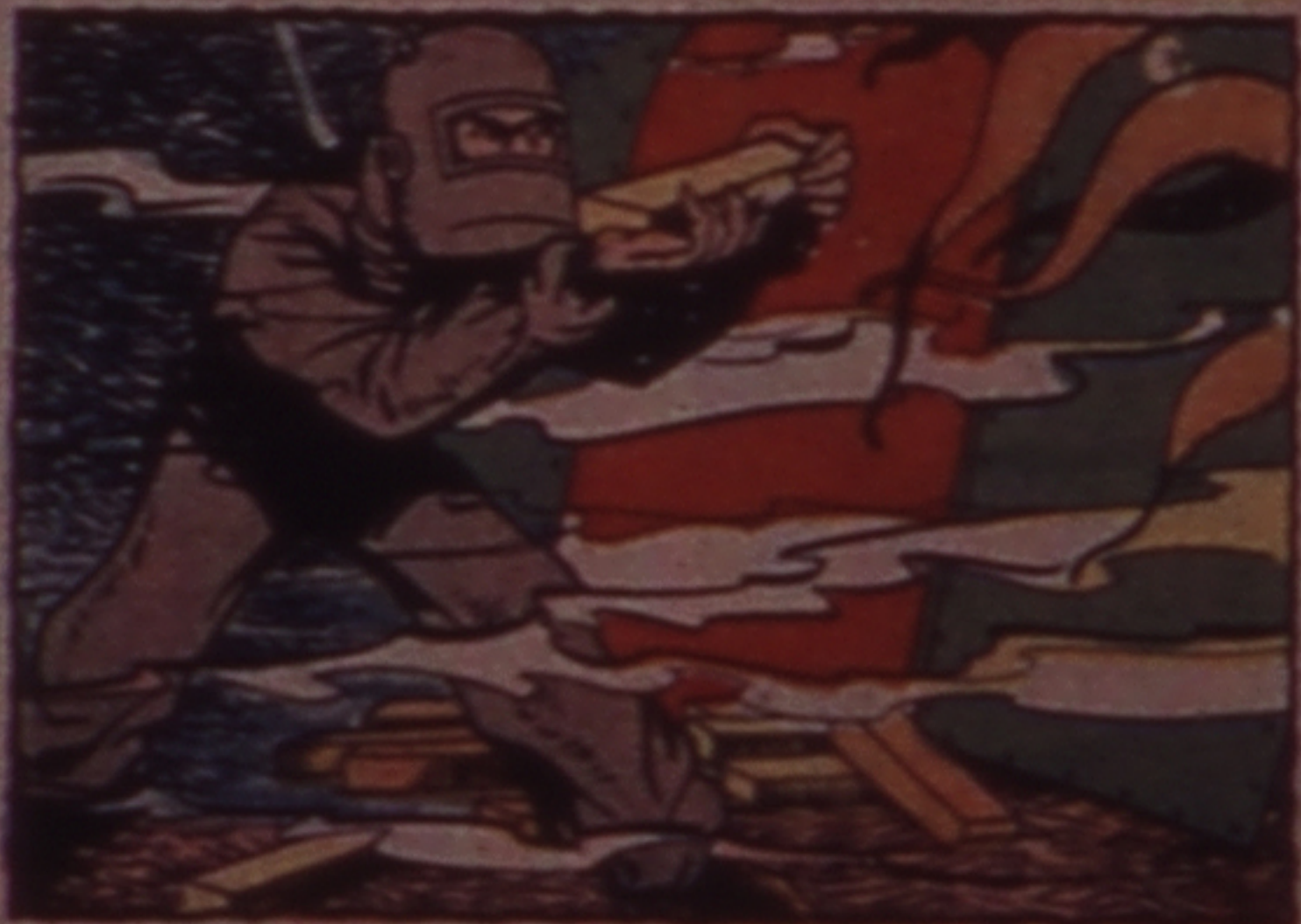
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FREE! 6" Rocket of "America's Best" **FREE!**
SALUTES FIREWORKS **CATALOG**
 \$2.85
 FOUR DOLLAR BUY TWO DOLLAR WORTH
BALTIMORE FIREWORKS CO.
 1000 EASTERN AVE. BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

deck. Perry drew back the cover and stifled a cry.

"Great guns! It's unbelievable. And it was his body that cut off the skipper's air. I wonder," Perry said to himself. "I wonder if Captain Mulravey—"

But Perry Scott would never know. Only Bad Eye Mulravey knew that old John Barlow had returned to make good his threat. And Bad Eye was dead.

Another Perry Scott story in the July issue of **FEATURE COMICS**—on sale May 24

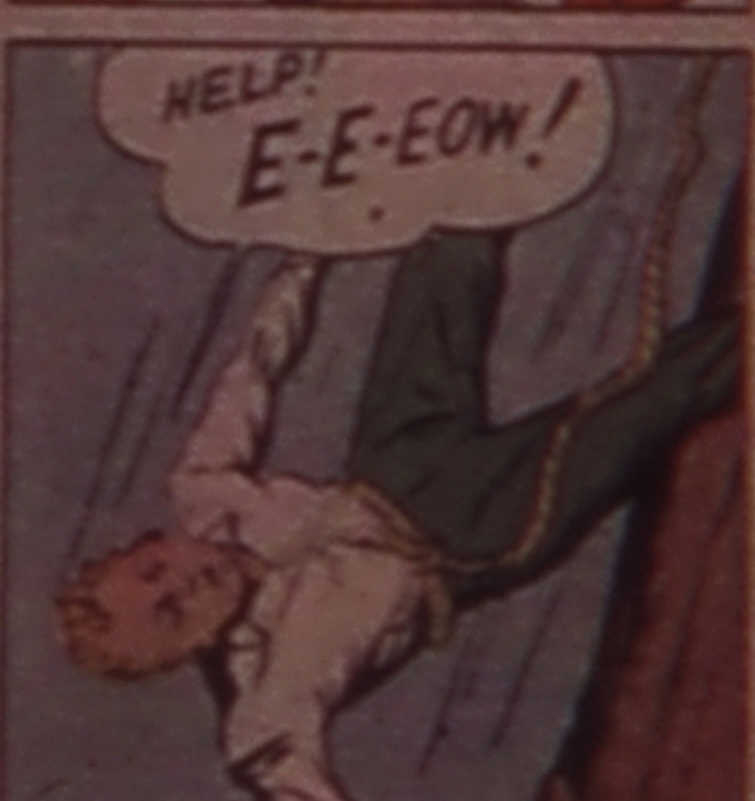
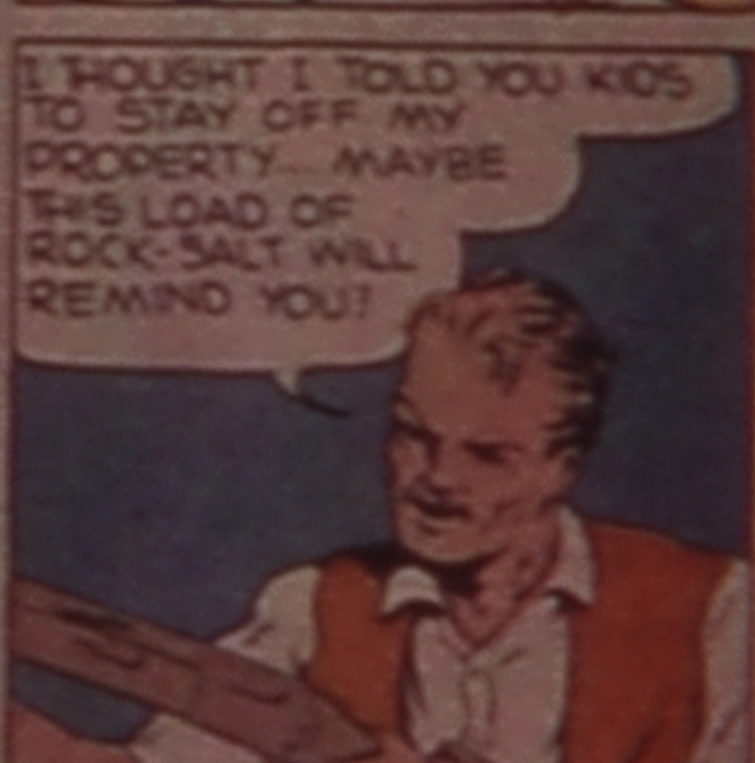


DUSTY RYAN

OF BOYVILLE



SEVERAL BOYS ARE BEING INSTRUCTED IN MOUNTAIN CLIMBING ON THE CLIFFS NEAR BOYVILLE BY SMILEY SCOTT.



THE FALLING ROPE LUCKILY
TWISTS AROUND A JUTTING
CRAG... SAVING WHITEY FROM
BEING DASHED AGAINST THE
ROCKS BELOW... BUT HE NOW
HANGS UNCONSCIOUS IN MID-AIR.



WE CAN'T GET
DOWN TO HIM.
WITHOUT A
ROPE.
SMILEY!



STAY HERE, ED.
WHILE I RUN
BACK TO THE
SCHOOL FOR
ANOTHER ROPE.

AS
SMILEY
RUNS
TOWARD
BOYVILLE
MR.
GRUDGE
REACHES
ED...



SO YOU WON'T
LEAVE, EH?

B-BUT
W-WHITEY-
---DOWN---



A CRASHING BLOW FROM
MR. GRUDGE'S HAND SENDS
ED TO THE GROUND



... AND HE STRIKES HIS
HEAD HARD ON A ROCK...



SERVED YOU RIGHT, YOU
LITTLE FOOL! MAYBE YOU'LL
KNOW BETTER NEXT TIME...
HE'S NOT MOVING...
OH— MAYBE I
KILLED HIM!



PANICKY, MR. GRUDGE STEPS
BACKWARD... AND LOOKING
DOWN SEES WHITEY
DANGLING BELOW...



ANOTHER ONE!! AND I DID
IT! M-MAYBE I CAN SAVE THIS
ONE BY CLIMBING DOWN
AFTER HIM... I-I
DIDN'T MEAN TO
DO THEM HARM!



MEANWHILE... SMILEY REACHES
BOYVILLE ALMOST EXHAUSTED...



WHAT? Y-YES, RUSTY! JUST
ON THE OTHER SIDE
OF THE FENCE... AND
HE'S DANGLING FROM
THE ROPE... HALF
WAY DOWN...



CAPPY JENKS...
TAKE CARE OF
SMILEY... HE'S
FAINTED!



WITH CAPPY JENKS TAKING CARE OF SMILEY, RUSTY RUSHES INTO THE STABLE....



... AND A MOMENT LATER, RIDE'S OUT ON "PRINCE".... HIS FAVORITE HORSE....



W-WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE ARE YOU GOING, RUSTY?



I'LL BE BACK SOON, CAPPY JENKS! C'MON, PRINCE, STEP ON IT!



MEANWHILE... AS RUSTY RIDES TO WHITEY'S AID, MR. GRUDGE IS ALSO TRYING TO SAVE HIM....



I-I'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM... I-I'VE JUST GOT TO... WHAT'S THAT??



LOOKING DOWN, GRUDGE SEES THE ROPE SLOWLY PARTING FROM THE CONSTANT RUBBING AGAINST THE ROCK....



IT'LL BE TOO LATE IN A MOMENT... THE ROPE'S GIVING WAY FAST! HORSE'S HOOF'S... SOMEONE'S COMING!



COME ON, PRINCE!



AS HE RIDES UP TO THE SCENE, RUSTY SEES THE FAST THINNING ROPE....



OH—I HOPE I CAN MAKE IT!



THE ROPE HOLDING WHITEY SNAPS!



A SPLIT SECOND LATER
AND RUSTY'S LASSO WHIRLS
ABOUT WHITEY...



HE -- HE'S SAFE!!
THANK GOODNESS!



IN HIS EXCITEMENT OVER
WHITEY'S RESCUE, MR. GRUDGE
LOSES HIS FOOTING AND FALLS
FROM THE CLIFF INTO THE RIVER!



WHY... THAT WAS MR.
GRUDGE! HE MUSTA BEEN
TRYING TO SAVE
WHITEY!



PULL WHITEY UP, PRINCE...
EASY THOUGH!!



HELP... BLUB... ULP...
I CAN'T SWIM!

I'LL HAVE YOU
ASHORE IN A
MINUTE, MR.
GRUDGE!

THANK YOU
FOR SAYING
BLUB... MY
LIFE, SON!



C'MON... YOU'LL
HAVE TO HELP
ME WITH WHITEY
AND ED,
MR. GRUDGE!

I'LL DO
ANYTHING
YOU SAY!



I HOPE YOU'LL FORGIVE ME
FOR BEING AN OLD GROUGH,
BOYS... I'LL MAKE UP FOR
IT SOMEHOW!

AS RUSTY AND MR. GRUDGE BRING
THE WEAK BOYS BACK TO DOYVILLE...

SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

WHO'S GONNA SIGN FOR THESE
FOUR RIDING HORSES
SENT OVER BY
MR. GRUDGE?

W-WHAT?



THIS IS THE
HAPPIEST DAY
OF MY LIFE,
BOYS!!...

SAME GOES
FOR US,
EH RUSTY?



BIG TOP

THE GREAT SHOTZO



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—INTRODUCING—
THE GREAT SHOTZO—HE
OF THE MAGIC EYE—
THE MARVEL OF
SUPERHUMAN
SIGHT!



FIFTY STRAIGHT BULL'S EYES—SHOOTING
BACKWARDS WHILE AIMING WITH
A MIRROR!



FORTY
RINGERS
AT FIFTY
YARDS!
THE
MAGIC
EYE!



SEVENTY CONSECUTIVE
HITS WITH A
PRIMITIVE
BOW AND
ARROW



SHOOTING UPSIDE DOWN
THE GREAT SHOTZO SPLITS
THE APPLE ON THE
BOY'S HEAD!



THE GREAT
SHOTZO DRIVES
A GOLF BALL
SIXTY YARDS
INTO A MILK
BOTTLE—
THE
MAGIC
EYE!



LOOK—THE GREAT
SHOTZO—THE GUY
WITH MAGIC EYE...
HE NEVER
MISSES!



WELL, MRS. SHOTZO,
YOUR HUSBAND
SLAYED 'EM
TODAY!

DID
YOU?

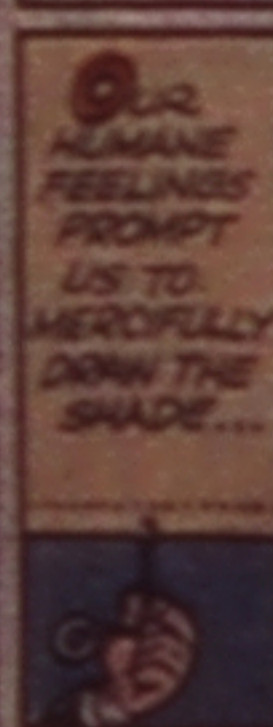


YES INDEED—
THE OLD EYE
HAS NEVER
BETTER!

MY
TABLECLOTH



OUR
AUGUSTINE
FEELINGS
PROMPT
US TO
MERCIFULLY
DRAW THE
SHADE...



HELLO, IS THIS
THE CIRCUS?
WELL, THE GREAT
SHOTZO WILL NOT
BE IN
TOMORROW...



NO—THE GREAT
SHOTZO HAS
EYE TROUBLE!



Big Top

WORMS TURN
HERE!

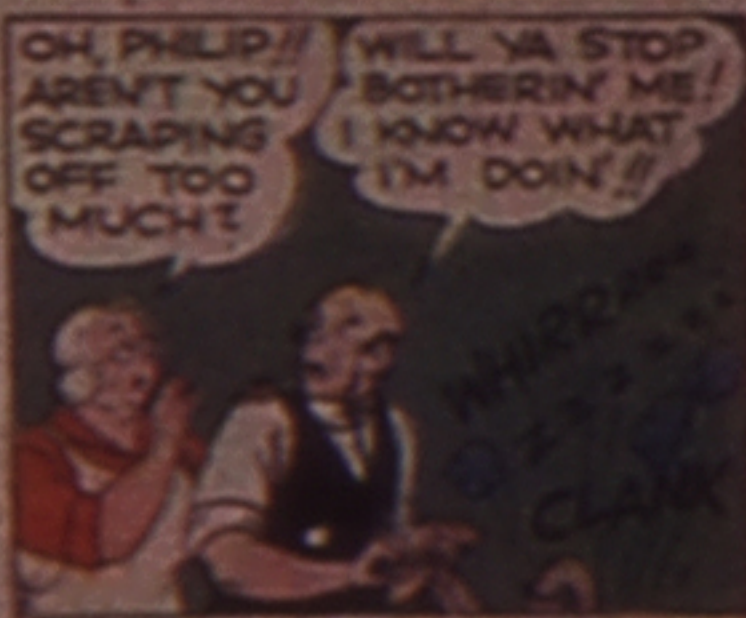


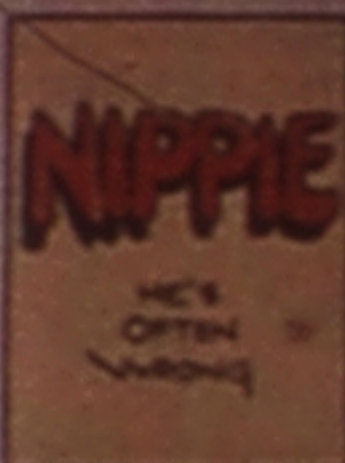
Read Big Top in the July issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale May 24th.



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

SAY, NIPPIE...
DON'T WIN THAT
KID'S MARBLES
FROM HIM!
WHY DOES
HE
WANTA
PLAY
THEN?



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

LOOK, TOM... IT'S
MR. McGARGLE FROM
UNCLE PHIL'S LOOSE...
HE'S GOT ANOTHER
FIGHTIN' SPELL ON!



HE'S ALWAYS
MAKIN' TROUBLE
AROUND HERE,
NICKY... I DON'T
WANT
HIM!



ALL RIGHT,
I'LL TAKE
CARE OF
HIM...

LISTEN, BUDDY...
THAT COP TOLD
ME T'TAKE YA
HOME - AN' I'M DOIN'
IT!



NEVER MIND
THAT COP...
TAKE ME
TO A
NIGHT
CLUB!

SORRY, MISTER!
YOU CAN'T COME
IN... YOU ALWAYS
MAKE TROUBLE!



HERE... I'LL
TALK TO
HIM, MR.
DOORMAN!

LISTEN! I'LL GIVE
YOU ONE MORE
CHANCE... GET IN THAT
TAXI AND GO HOME!



OKAY-
OKAY!
I'LL
DO
IT!

MOVE ASIDE!
I CAN LICK
ANY MAN IN
THIS PLACE!



DON'T HIT 'EM,
BOYS... HERE
COMES TWO
COPS AFTER
HIM!

LET'S STOP
FOOLIN' WITH
HIM AN' RUN
HIM IN,
MICKEY!



NO, TOM... I
HATE TO
ARREST HIM
UNLESS I HAVE
TO!

NICK, WILL YOU
PLEASE TAKE THIS
FELLOW HOME AN'
PUT HIM IN THE
HOUSE?



NOPE!!
HIS WIFE
BEATS
UP ALL
HIS
FRIENDS!

WE'LL DRIVE BY MY
HOUSE AN' I'LL ASK
MY UNCLE PHIL TO
TAKE HIM HOME...



...AND YOU WANT
ME T'GET UP AN'
TAKE SOME
LOUD GUY
HOME... AN'
FACE HIS
WIFE?



SURE... I'M
A COP AN'
I CAN'T BE
SEEN TAKIN' A
ROWDY HOME
INSTEAD OF
TO JAIL!

SO YOU'RE THE
ONE WHO'S
MAKIN' A BUM
OUT OF MY
HUSBAND!



CLUNK!

TOM, I'M AFRAID
THAT UNCLE
PHIL WILL BE
KINDA MAD WHEN HE
RECOVERS!



MAYBE
WE SHOULD
LEAVE
HERE
FAST!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



More of Mickey Finn and Uncle Phil in the July issue of FEATURE COMICS.

REYNOLDS *of the* MOUNTED

WORK AT THE BEAVER MINE GOES ON AS USUAL... SUDDENLY THERE IS A CRY FROM ONE OF THE MEN...

BOYS—COME HERE QUICK!!
CONOVER'S BEEN
STABBED TO
DEATH!!

HE'S BEEN
STABBED ALL
RIGHT... BUT
TH' KNIFE'S
GONE!!

HERE
COMES
MANAGER
SLADE—

STABBED, EH?
HAVE YOU
BOYS GOT ANY
IDEAS ABOUT
THIS?

SURE, CHIEF—
CONOVER WAS
THREATENED
BY DAN
STONE
YESTERDAY!!

STONE DIDN'T REPORT
FOR WORK TODAY—
SUPPOSE WE PAY HIM
A VISIT AND ASK TO
HAVE A LOOK AT THE
KNIFE HE ALWAYS
CARRIES!!

HE CAN'T GET
AWAY WITH IT...
CONOVER WAS
MY PAL!!

WE'LL TAKE
THE LAW
INTO OUR
OWN HANDS!!

HE'LL
HANG
FOR
THIS!!

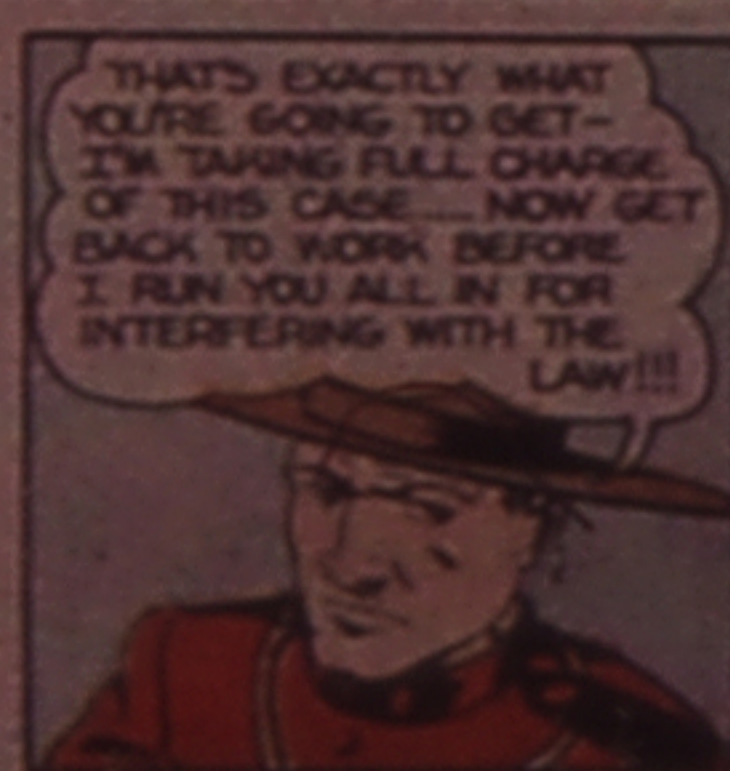
OPEN UP, STONE—
WE WANT TO
TALK TO
YOU!!

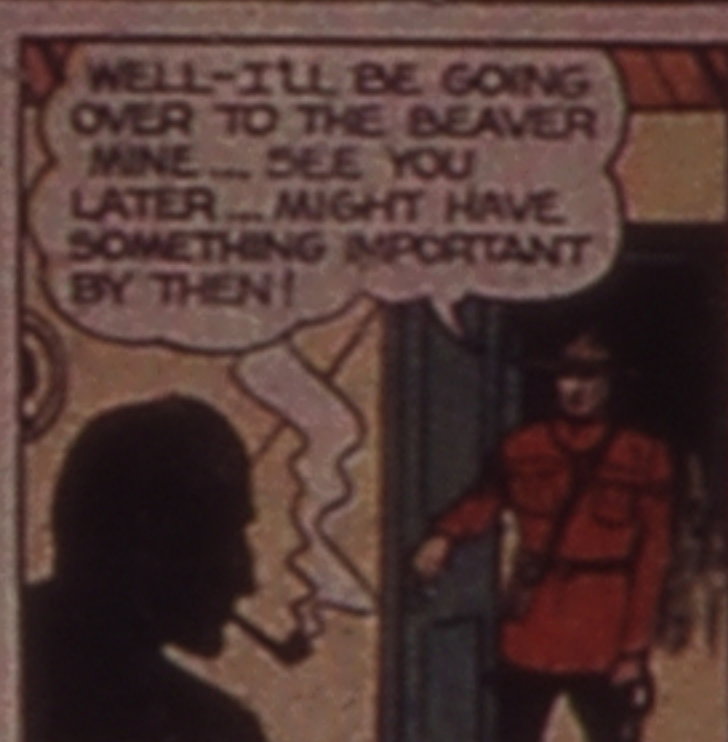
WELL... OH—IT'S
YOU, SLADE—
WHAT'S
WRONG??

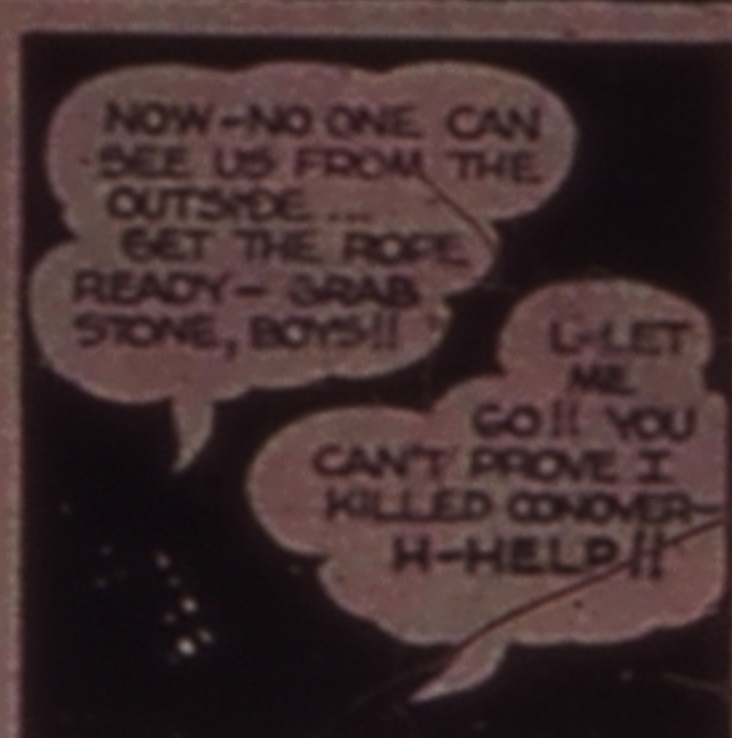
STONE—
WE'D LIKE
TO SEE
YOUR
HUNTING
KNIFE!!

SORRY, SLADE—
BUT SOMEONE'S
STOLEN IT FROM
MY LOCKER AT
THE MINE—

THAT'S A LIE, SLADE!!
HE KILLED CONOVER AND
THEN BURIED THE KNIFE
SOMEWHERE—HE WON'T
GET AWAY WITH IT, EH
BOYS??









I SWAM FOR MY LIFE - AND WON!

True-to-Life Experience. Swimming by Sea Adventure.

by **ROBERT SPEERS BENJAMIN,**
GRAND-MASTER, AMERICAN OLYMPIAN

I SWAM FOR MY LIFE - AND WON!

True-to-Life Experience. Swimming by Sea Adventure.

by **ROBERT SPEERS BENJAMIN,**
GRAND-MASTER, AMERICAN OLYMPIAN



...A BOLD
 PROPOSITION,
 MR. DEAN, MAKING
 US GOVERNMENT'S
 LAWYERS SEE HOW
 WELL IT WORKS.
 ON IT?

"YOU'VE NEVER
 BEFORE IT
 WOULD TWO
 THE? ON THE
 BOTTOM OF THE
 AMERICAN PEOPLE
 WOULD YOU?"

[illegible][illegible]

YOU TALK AS IF YOU'VE LIVED WITH ME. BEHOLD, AND MEET A SECRETARY—

YOU JUST SAY: ROYAL PORTFOLIO IS ONE PORTFOLIO THAT CAN SAVE IT—

AS WE MIGHT ASK, THE A NEW
 SAVED MY BEHAVIOR. PORTABLE —
 IT BEHAVIOR BEHAVIOR THE BEHAVIOR
 TO THE BEHAVIOR

BEHAVIOR, AND BEHAVIOR —
 YOU HAVE TO GET A NEW
 TYPEWRITER —

WHAT TO GET
 MY BEHAVIOR IS ON
 THE BEHAVIOR
 PORTABLE

WHAT TO GET MY MONEY'S ON THE BOND PORTABLE

[illegible]

But, when the second half of February 1950, the water and the tracks, a...
...in a...
...the water...

WARRIORS!!

A boyfriend in the next four years? We all want instant gratification.

[illegible]

THE ALIVE THAT! THE ALIVE THAT!


JUST AS GOOD AS DEAD, PEOPLE! — THE ALIVE THAT! THE ALIVE THAT!

THE ALIVE THAT! THE ALIVE THAT!

THE ALIVE THAT! THE ALIVE THAT!

JUST AS GOOD AS DEAD, PEOPLE! — THE ALIVE THAT! THE ALIVE THAT!


THE ALIVE THAT! THE ALIVE THAT!



**"ROYAL! IT'S THE FASTEST
AND MOST ACCURATE
PORTABLE I EVER USED!"**

1955 *Collier Tongue*


"Tongue's accuracy, dependability,
portability and service are what make her the
most accurate portable speedometer for 1955."



**"ROYAL! IT'S THE FASTEST
AND MOST ACCURATE
PORTABLE I EVER USED!"**

1955 *Collier Tongue*

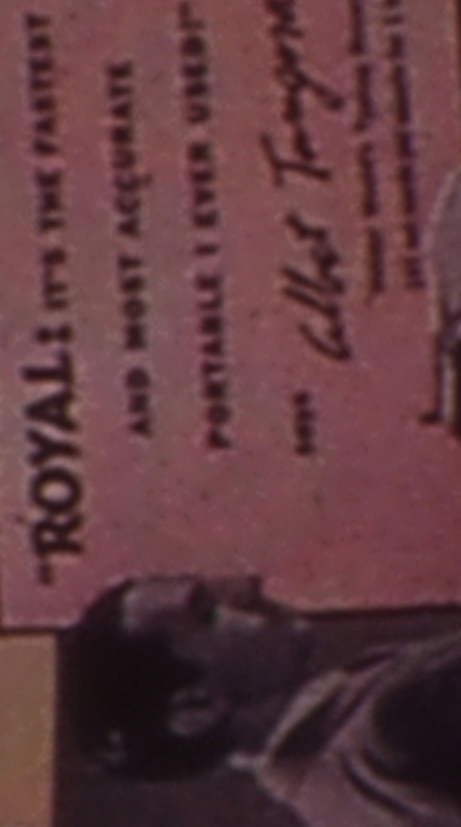
"Tongue's accuracy, dependability,
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"Tongue's accuracy, dependability,
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most accurate portable speedometer for 1955."



ROYAL PORTABLE

TRY THIS

IN YOUR OWN HOME FREE!



**ROYAL! IT'S THE FASTEST
AND MOST ACCURATE
PORTABLE I EVER USED!**

Miss Collet Tongue

When I was typing home
last fall with my mother for 1 hr.



**NO
DELIVERY**



SEND NO MONEY... Just mail the coupon today for details of Royal's Home Trial Plan. Actually you don't even begin to realize how easy the Home Royal makes typing. How the many little typewriter improvements and features will help you! Think of saving money by getting a better machine for half the time. . . . You'll never want another! Think of saving a tremendous share of the cost of your typewriter and the time and trouble of the old one. . . . It's a shock, but, hey, get the FACTS.

COUPON BRINGS DETAILS . . . MAIL TODAY

Send Typewriter Company, Inc.
Dept. A-48, 1 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Tell me how I can get a present from Royal Typewriter Co. (FREE!) and how we can save you the price of a new machine.

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ COUNTY _____ STATE _____
Please send me the address of the nearest Royal Typewriter Co. office.



**"ROYAL! IT'S THE FASTEST
AND MOST ACCURATE
PORTABLE I EVER USED!"**

Miss Collet Ferguson

Miss Ferguson writes typing lessons
and will send you details for free





TRY THIS ROYAL PORTABLE IN YOUR OWN HOME FREE!

SEND NO MONEY... Just mail the coupon today for details of Royal's Home Trial Plan. Actually you don't even begin to realize how easy the Home Royal makes typing... how the many useful features and completely silent keys will help you! Think of saving money by getting a better machine in half the time... and... more accurately! Think of saving a tremendous share of the cost of your typewriter and the time and trouble of a broken-down machine! You need it... it's a must. Get, now, get the FACTS.

COUPON BRINGS DETAILS . . . MAIL TODAY

Send Typewriter Corporation, Inc.
Dept. A-48, 1 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Tell me how I can get a present from Royal Typewriter Co. (FREE!) and how we can save you the price of a new machine.

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ COUNTY _____ STATE _____
Please send me details of address for a _____ Typewriter.

**"ROYAL! IT'S THE FASTEST
AND MOST ACCURATE
PORTABLE I EVER USED!"**

Miss Collet Ferguson

Miss Ferguson writes typing lessons
and will send you details for free





TRY THIS ROYAL PORTABLE IN YOUR OWN HOME FREE!

SEND NO MONEY... Just mail the coupon today for details of Royal's Home Trial Plan. Actually you don't even have to pay for the Royal! It makes typing lessons and actually will help you! Think of saving money by getting a typewriter that's the very best at just the price of a typewriter! The real ... it's a shock. Get, now, get the FACTS.

COUPON BRINGS DETAILS . . . MAIL TODAY

Send Typewriter Company, Inc.
Dept. A-48, 1 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Tell me how I can get a present from Royal Typewriter Co. (FREE!) and how I can see it and see for MYSELF how good a buy it is.

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ COUNTY _____ STATE _____

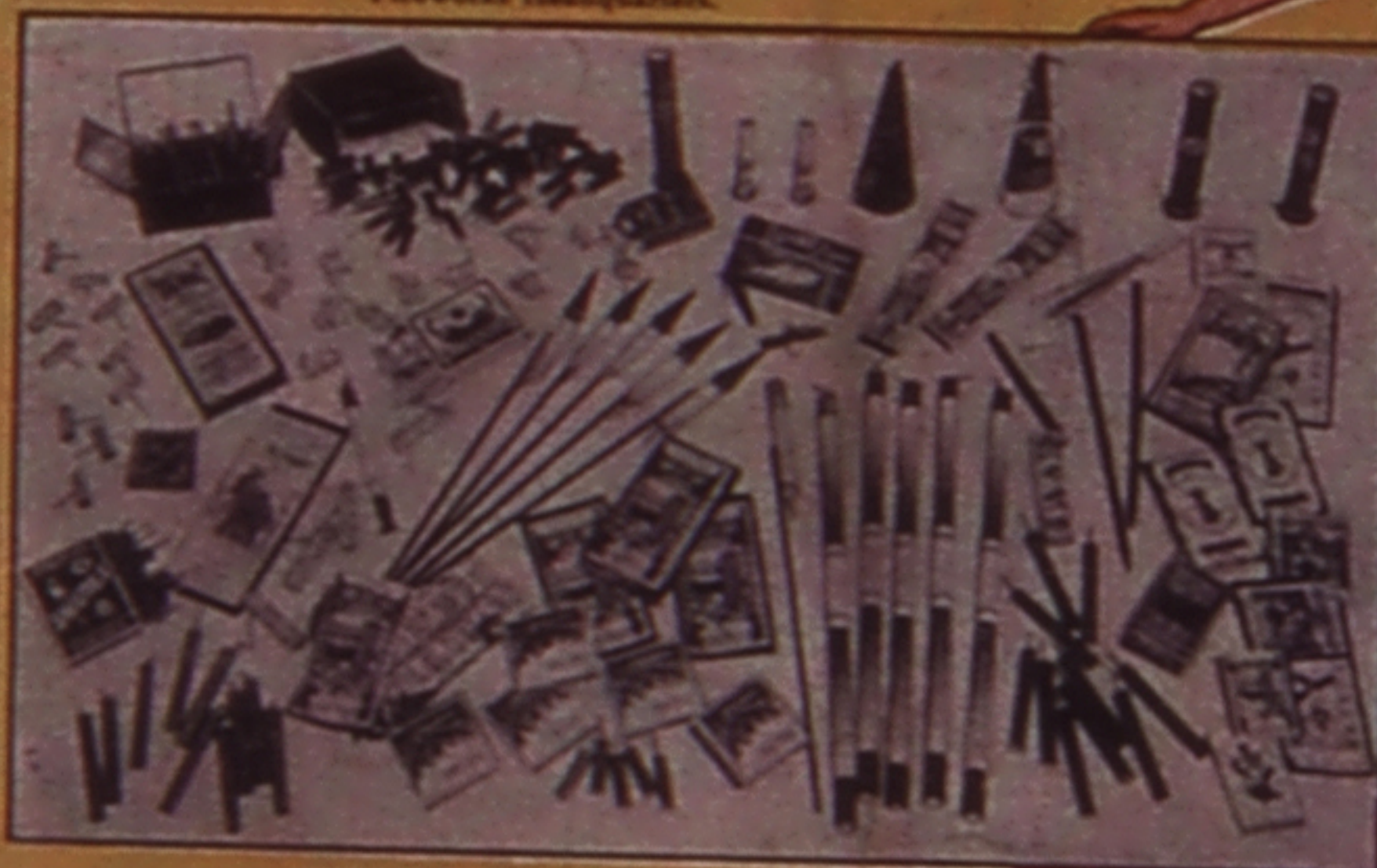
Please send me details of this offer. I will pay for the typewriter when I receive it. **MAKE THAT OLD TYPEWRITER HELP PAY!**

Phone _____ Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

FIREWORKS

REAL FUN FOR 4th OF JULY
 A PATRIOTIC

This year calls for a rousing patriotic celebration on the 4th of July—the kind that is real fun, with plenty of noise and brilliant display. You will want the best of fireworks, in order direct from Fireworks Headquarters.



SPENCER'S BIG YOUNG AMERICAN ASSORTMENT

100 2" Cannon Salutes \$1.00	1 Noisier Boy Salutes .10
200 Flashlight Cracklers .80	10 Lg. Pkg. Asst. Crackers .20
25 Flash Salutes .25	1 Reporting Cone .10
10 Dist. Cannon Salutes .20	1 Marble Flash Salutes .10
2 Sky Bombs (two shot) .10	2 Red Torch .10
5 Roman Candles (10 ball) .30	1 Sky Bottle .10
5 Sky Rockets (stars) .50	1 Pkg. Lady Crackers .15
10 Midgets .10	1 Erupting Volcano .10
10 Gossamers .10	8 Bomber Salutes .20
10 Penny Flash Salutes .10	1 Whistling Cyclone .10
5 Glittercracks .10	1 Giant Liberty Salutes .10
10 Bombshell Salutes .20	1 Ex. Lg. Whistling Hand Grenade .15
1 Whistling Ticker .10	2 Gyps Flyers .10
10 Sparklers .10	1 Pkg. Jumbo Crackers .15
1 No. 1 Aerial Bomb .10	1 Pkg. Punk .05
1 Reporting Sky Rocket .10	
	Total Retail Value... \$6.45

100 EXTRA LOUD SALUTES FREE

THE SPENCER FIREWORKS CO.
 55 MAIN ST. POLK, OHIO



\$6.45
 WORTH

\$2.95

F. O. B. POLK, OHIO
 NEW PROGRAM
 Now Shipped F. O. B.
 Value \$1.00 to
 Post Paid

FREE CATALOG

The whole world wants their best fireworks assortment. Fireworks are collected right before your eyes in this new big 36-page Spencer Catalog. Just looking there is a FUN. Send for your FREE copy of the 1940 Spencer Catalog today and you have much more fun yet for your money by buying direct.

Show Catalog
 TO YOUR FRIENDS
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free

Many of your friends will be glad to order fireworks from your catalog. Ask us how you can earn FREE fireworks this easy way.



SPENCER FIREWORKS CO., 55 Main St., Polk, Ohio
 Send me your FREE Catalog and Gift Coupon

Name _____

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City _____ State _____

Please Enclose Address Labels. Pairs on Every Parcel and Box.



free SALUTE

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